

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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YOUNG KARL KRUGER; OR, THE RICHEST BOY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

By BERTON BERTREW.

AND OTHER STORIES



Karl advanced to within fifty feet of him and fired. With a roar, the lion reared upon his hind feet, clawed the air, and brushed one paw over his face, as if to scrape off something that had stung him.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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Young Karl Kruger**OR, THE RICHEST BOY IN THE TRANSVAAL**By **BERTON BERTREW****CHAPTER I.—The Boers of the Transvaal.**

All the world has heard of the people of the Transvaal. Karl Kruger was a sturdy youth of seventeen years of age at the time our story opens. His father was killed in one of the battles with the British a few years before, leaving him and a little sister alone in the world. He was then but fourteen years old, and Mary but twelve; but he was a sturdy little fellow, and Mary was a jewel of a housekeeper in her simple way, just as her mother had been.

When her father fell in battle he had a tall Zulu named Haka to assist Karl in the fields looking after the cattle, and his mother to assist in the work of the household. They called the Zulu woman Mamba for short, her native name being quite unpronounceable in any tongue. Both mother and son were faithful and honest, and they loved Karl and Mary for their kindness to them. A neighbor living two miles away offered to take Mary to his home to live with his wife and children. But she wouldn't leave Karl, and the sturdy little fellow said he could take care of her. One day Karl was out with Haka looking after some sheep which had gone over the hills. They separated, and in a little while Karl heard fierce growls from a lion and cries for help from Haka. The Zulu had his assegais with him, and Karl had his father's rifle. Quickly hurrying in the direction of the cries, Karl found Haka dodging a huge lion who was making flying leaps at him. The Zulu had used his assegais, and three of them were sticking in the beast's side.

"Here, Haka! Come to me!" cried Karl, and the Zulu turned and sped toward him at the top of his speed. The lion came bounding after him. Karl raised his rifle, took a quick aim and fired. The great beast gave an angry growl and tumbled all in a heap, sprang up again only to fall back—a bullet in his head, squarely between the eyes, being too much for him.

The Zulu stopped and looked back at the fierce beast tearing up the earth with his great claws in his death struggle, and said:

"It is well. Haka will not forget."

They took the lion's skin and carried it home with them, and from that day Haka was Karl's for life—and so was his mother, old Mamba.

The Zulu is faithful as a dog when once his heart is won. But one day a great storm came up, and the flashes of lightning exceeded anything young Karl had ever seen. He saw a favorite tree shattered to splinters nearby, and later a bolt struck the house and set it on fire in a dozen places at once. The house and its contents were consumed in a very few minutes, leaving the two with naught but a barn to shelter them from the pelting rain that followed the electrical display. A few neighbors came to see if they had escaped alive. They were glad when they saw them in the barn, where they had taken shelter.

"Now, you can come to my house and live there till you can build one for yourself, Karl," said old Abercomb, the nearest neighbor. "My wife will be as a mother to both of you, for she and your mother were great friends."

"We shall come for a while, and be very glad to do so, Hans," said Karl, for even the youngest Boer children call all people by their given names.

They went home with him, leaving Haka and his mother at the barn to look after the cattle till Karl himself should return. Hans Abercomb and his good wife gave them a cordial welcome, and both felt at home, for they had known the old couple as long as they could remember anything. A few hours later Karl shouldered his faithful rifle and trudged over the hills back to the old place to help Haka look after the cattle. That he did daily for some weeks, during which time he was trying to arrange to rebuild the house. In the meantime, Mary was busy assisting Dame Abercomb in her household work. Hans was rich in a way, but neither he nor his wife would keep a servant, since their daughter Jessica went to Pretoria to attend school. She had been gone two years now, and was coming home soon with all the education she could pick up at the capital of the little republic.

CHAPTER II.—Jessica and Karl.

One day old Hans told Karl he was going to Pretoria to bring Jessica home. She had been gone two years, and had cost him a good deal of

money. She was coming back now with the education that was to last her the rest of her life.

"I shall be glad to see her," Karl said. "We were good friends when she went away, and I hope we shall remain so when she returns."

The old man drove off, and was gone four days, for the capital of the little republic was many miles away over the red hills. When he returned Jessica had grown more womanly, and far more beautiful than she was when she went away. She dressed differently, and used many words that were unfamiliar to Boer ears. One day two men came to the ranch, and asked for quarters for a few days. Old Hans was in the habit of entertaining travelers who wandered out into that part of the world, and so he took them in with their horses. One was rather elderly in years and wore a heavy beard. The other was young—probably not more than eight and twenty years. He was handsome in face and form, with tawny mustache and fine brown eyes. Fluent of speech and both well read and traveled, he was an interesting character in the family of simple Boers. Jessica and Mary listened to him in rapt attention. His name was Courland—Captain Courland—and his elderly companion was Barney Nagle, who was an expert in mining operations. They were prospecting for diamonds. He had quite a number of the precious stones uncut with him, as well as a few that were cut.

Karl had read a great deal in a few old books which his father had bought in Pretoria many years before, but he had never read anything about diamonds. The few days they asked for lengthened into a fortnight. The two men tramped daily over the hills and down into the valleys for miles around the Abercomb Range. Then they paid their bills and prepared to leave. Karl saw Courland and Jessica go off to themselves for their leave taking. He saw him kiss her, and when she came back she wore a brilliant on a finger of her left hand. He turned pale but said nothing. A few days later he told her the story of his love—and she laughed at him.

"You have no home," she said. "You could never build a house that I would live in," and she turned and walked away with an air that stung him to the quick.

"We'll see," he said, in an undertone, as he gazed after her retreating form. "We'll see; I'll build a house you will want to live in, but you won't. Karl Kruger never forgives an insult he can't resent."

That evening he said to old Abercomb:

"Hans, I am going away."

"Where to, Karl?" the old Boer asked.

"To Pretoria to place Mary at school. I'll sell you all my cattle at your own price, and leave you my land as a free range for them till I return to rebuild my home."

A few days later he placed old Mamba and Mary in a lumbering old wagon, drawn by twelve oxen, and moved away, bidding good-by to Hans and Dame Abercomb and Jessica. Mary was in tears, but Karl was like a stoic. He bowed to Jessica—he dared not offer her his hand. She had the least bit of a sneering smile on her face, as she saw them going slowly over the hill on their long journey. When night came they camped near a spring. Mary slept in the wagon—at the forward end, and old Mamba at the other. Karl and Haka slept in a tent near the oxen. During

the night the oxen and horses became alarmed by the presence of some wild beasts, and Haka crept out of the tent to see what the danger was. He saw an immense lion creeping toward one of the oxen. Taking up a burning brand from the fire he ran at him and scared him away. All wild beasts fear fire. He came back and told Karl what the trouble was.

"He won't go away till he gets something for a meal," said Karl. "He is like an Englishman. I shall have to give him a bullet," and he arose, took his old rifle with its big bore for ounce balls, and went out into the moonlight. He stood about for half an hour and then caught a glimpse of the lion. To creep forward for a good shot was the work of but a few moments. The great beast was standing erect gazing at the uneasy oxen. Karl advanced to within fifty feet of him and fired.

With a roar the lion reared upon his hind feet, clawed the air, and brushed one paw over his face, as if to scrape off something that had stung him, and then rolled over on the ground, scrambled to his feet again and staggered away. They heard him growling for half an hour over the hill, and then all was quiet. An hour or two later the jackals made the night hideous with the noise of their banquet on the carcass of the dead monarch. When Karl looked for the lion the next morning he found only a lot of bones scattered about on the ground. They were off before the sun peeped over the hills, and the great wagon slowly moved on behind the oxen. Karl walked a good part of the day, going ahead of the oxen.

One day was but the repetition of another, and nothing of interest occurred till late in the afternoon of the fourth day, when they came in sight of a newly discovered gold mine, where hundreds of miners were digging for the precious metal. Aside from a few Zulu women Mary was the only female in the locality at that moment, and so a great many rough looking fellows came to look at her as she assisted old Mamba in preparing supper. She seemed quite unconscious of the attention she was attracting; and not until one of the burly miners came up and offered his hand to her did she realize that she was the object of their gazing. She did not take his hand, but looked up at him in innocent wonder and surprise, and said:

"There is my brother over there by the wagon," and then turned to old Mamba to say:

"I didn't notice so many men about. I wish we had gone farther on."

"Won't shake hands, eh?" said the miner. "By jingo, I've got a belt full of dust for a gal like you," and he took hold of her arm and pulled her around.

Quick as a flash of lightning, Haka sprang forward and dealt him a blow on the head with a billet of wood, which he picked up near the fire. He fell all in a heap, only a groan escaping him.

CHAPTER III.—"I Am the Richest Boy in the Transvaal."

Karl heard the blow and looked around to see what it meant. He saw the miner lying on the ground near the camp fire, and the Zulu standing over him. In a few moments the miner began pulling himself together. He sat up and looked around.

"Who hit me?" the miner asked, springing to his feet.

Haka folded his brawny arms across his breast and glared at him.

"Did you take hold of my sister?" Karl asked him.

"Yes—I took hold of the gal."

"My Zulu knocked you down for doing so. Shall I make him thrash you or will you go away without it?"

The miner was astonished at the cool manner of the youth, and asked:

"What has he got to do about it?"

"Years ago he was told to protect her," Karl replied.

"Well, here goes," and he drew a revolver and fired at Haka. The bullet grazed his shoulder. Haka sprang forward, caught him in his arms, hurled him to the ground, seized him by the collar of the shirt and dragged him some fifty feet from the camp fire and there disarmed him. No one interfered, and Haka came to Karl and handed him the bravado's weapons—a pair of revolvers and a bowie knife. The man rose to his feet and felt for his weapons. Karl tossed them to him, saying:

"There they are. Do you want to fight?"

He took them up and looked hard at Karl, who held his rifle ready for instant use.

"If you bother about here any more I'll shoot you!" Karl said.

"Let 'em alone, Braswell!" called out a voice in the crowd of miners, and the miner turned and walked away, swearing in an undertone.

The news flew through the camp, and other miners came to see the girl and the Zulu as soon as it became too dark to work in the mines. But they kept a respectable distance. They moved on next day, and the slow pace of the oxen kept them several days more on the road, if road it could be called. But they finally reached the capital and encamped outside its limits. Karl proceeded at once to hunt up the boarding school in which he intended to place his sister. He found it, and made terms with the principal. Then he sold cattle enough to pay for her board and tuition for two years, besides money enough for her personal use.

A few days later he took leave of her, taking Haka with him, and leaving his mother with Mary. The Zulu did not know where he was going, but he went blindly with him, ready to follow to the ends of the earth. Karl rode his splendid black charger, and the Zulu was mounted on an iron gray of equal spirit, but not the same size. They went off in the direction of the mines. Three days later they met Captain Courland and his man Nagle, prospecting in the hills. Karl would have passed them, for he hated Courland as he hated jackals, believing that he was the prime cause of Jessica's rejection of his suit.

"Ah! It is you, Kruger!" exclaimed the captain on seeing him. "On my word I am glad I met you. What are you doing here in the hills?"

"I am going southward."

"Did you leave them all well at home?"

"Yes."

"Jessica and Mary—were they well?"

"Yes."

"I may get around that way again ere long. If you return home tell them you met me and that I am well."

"I will," and then they parted.

Later in the day Karl struck a region where game was both plentiful and dangerous. The earth's surface was rugged and rocky. In places he and Haka had to dismount and make their way on foot, leaving their horses to follow. By and by they came to a small rapid running river or creek. It sang and danced over a bed of sand and rocks.

"I'll get some of those stones and see what they look like," Karl said to himself, as he waded back into the creek, or pool, among the little stones that covered the bottom. He reached down and took up a handful of them. As they came into the light, he caught his breath. They were just like the uncut stones that Captain Courland had shown to Jessica weeks before.

His heart stood still as he examined stone after stone and dried them against his clothes. They looked like the Englishman's uncut ones. He stooped and brought up more. They were all alike but of different sizes. Ah! There was a sparkler as large of a pigeon's egg. One side was smooth and polished by nature's lapidary and flashed in the sunlight like an electric blaze. He took off his hat and knelt in the water, filling it with pebbles from the bottom. Sparkler after sparkler came up till the wool hat was filled to the brim. Then he stood upon a boulder near by in the water, held the hat high above his head with both hands, like a great white light, and cried out:

"Haka! Haka! I am the richest boy in the Transvaal!"

Karl came down from the boulder and showed Haka the hat full of rough diamonds. Karl then filled one end of his saddle bag with the brilliants, and searched for more. He again filled his hat with them and put them in the other end of his saddle bag.

Evening was now approaching and suddenly a full-grown leopard was seen skulking about the camp. Karl shot him. They made a bag of its skin, in which more of the rough diamonds were placed and it was sewn up with thongs.

They passed the night by the stream and the next day they started again on the back track for the capital, as it was necessary for Karl to deposit his find of rough diamonds.

The day following they came across a party of prospectors, who inquired whence they were bound. Karl told them they were going to Pretoria. The prospectors suspected that Karl was not telling them the truth, as they saw that there was something done up in the leopard skin and thought it was either rough diamonds or gold.

One of the prospectors, named Bill, told their leader that the boy had struck either a diamond mine or a gold mine and was taking his find to the capital.

"Hanged if I don't believe you," said the English leader.

But nevertheless they let Karl go on in peace. That evening, when encamped, Karl heard a voice say:

"It's young Kruger, on my word!"

Karl knew the voice immediately as that of Captain Courland and realized that the captain and Nagle had run across his path again.

The captain and his companion now approached.

But Karl was on his guard and kept his rifle pointed in his foe's direction.

Courland undertook to shake Karl by the hand, but Karl drew his hand behind his back. Courland took this as an insult and showed fight. Courland drew his revolver, but Karl was too quick for him, and both revolvers cracked at the same time. Karl stood still, but the captain fell into the arms of Nagle.

CHAPTER IV.—"I Have a Bullet in My Chest, Doctor."

When Karl saw Courland fall into the arms of Nagle he placed his revolver in his pocket, and went to where his bags of diamonds lay and sat on them. Nagle held Courland upon his feet, and asked:

"Where are you hit, captain?"

"In the chest. He tried to kill me."

Nagle bore him to a spot near the light of the camp fire and gently laid him on the ground. Then he proceeded to look at the wound. It was an ugly one—a bullet hole in the breast.

"Captain, dear, it's a bad one," said the blunt Irishman.

"Yes, but I will get over it, and then have another go at him."

Karl then rose to his feet and walked over to where he was lying, to say:

"If you need assistance, sir, I am at your service."

"That's right," said Nagle. "Be kind enough to bring some water."

Karl brought water in a tin cup, and Courland drank it.

"There's a doctor in a mining camp west of here, four miles away," Nagle said. "We saw and talked with him to-day. He is an old acquaintance of the captain's. Let your man take a note to him for me, and he will return with him."

Karl called Haka, and the Zulu said he would go. He took his assegais and disappeared in the shadows of the forest, leaving Karl in the camp with the two men. Three hours passed, and then the Zulu came back with the doctor, who had been a surgeon in the British service, but who had resigned to hunt for gold and diamonds. He was a muscular man with a red beard and bursque manner.

"How now, captain?" he exclaimed. "What have you been up to way out here in the woods?"

"I have a bullet in my chest, doctor," replied the wounded man. "I hope you can get at it."

"Well, let's see about it," and he knelt down by his side and examined the wound. He shook his head.

"That's a dangerous place, captain. You can't be moved from here. You can pull through, but you'll have to have good nursing. How did it happen?"

"I was shot at ten paces."

"Ah! Who did it?"

"Never mind that. Just tell me what I must do to be saved, and I'll see if I can get up and have another chance to return the compliment."

"It isn't another woman case, I hope," the doctor remarked.

"It is a quarrel between two men, and this is only the beginning of it. It will end only when one of us is under the ground."

"Yes, yes, that's the way with you fellows. You never let a quarrel drop till someone is killed. That fellow came near making an end of you, though."

"Yes, but I am not done for, though. I'll try him again some day."

Karl heard every word, and sat grim and silent near his leopard skin bag. The doctor's allusion to a "woman's case," caused him to smile grimly. Young as he was, he knew from that remark that Courland had been involved before in some case where a young woman was concerned. It gave him no little satisfaction to look over at him, as he lay on the blanket which Nagle had spread for him, and know that he had, at least, given him some punishment. The doctor remained all night with the wounded officer, but Karl laid down and slept a while, after which he stood guard till day light, to let the Zulu get some sleep. As he was going to leave he went to Courland, and said to him:

"I am going now—to Pretoria. I heard you say last night that as soon as you got well again you would try it over with me. If you want to find me come to Pretoria and hunt up old Herr Kronheim. Everybody in Pretoria knows him. If I leave there I'll leave my address with him."

"Would yer mind leaving it for me, too?" Barney Nagle asked him.

"I have no quarrel with you, sir."

"Faith, then, we'll make one," and with that he deliberately slapped Karl's face.

Swish! An assegai whizzed through the air and pierced through the muscle of the Irishman's arm.

"Tare and 'ounds!" gasped Nagle, as he felt the sting and saw the weapon hanging in the wound.

"Were you not already wounded I would shoot you, sir," said Karl.

"I'll kill the nigger!" hissed Nagle, trying to draw his revolver with his left hand.

Swish! Another assegai whistled through the air and pierced the shoulder of the left arm.

"You may be a brave man, sir," said Karl, "but you are certainly the most out and out fool I ever saw."

"Nagle, we are in a bad fix," said Courland, who saw it all—as did the doctor also.

"Yes," added the physician, "it is deplorable. You are both hurt now."

"Shure, docther, but it's yourself as'll have all the work to do."

"But I can't do it. See here, young man. You must stay here and nurse your victims through till they get well."

"Indeed, but I can't," Karl replied. "I'll send help to them, though, if they wish it. I must go on to Pretoria. As for you, Mr. Nagle, my address can be had of Herr Kronheim whenever you want me. As soon as I think you are well enough to fight, I shall hunt you up. My Zulu may want to stick you again. Doctor, whom shall I send to you?"

"Will you go by the camp where your man found me last night?"

"I will go near there and send my man with any note you may write."

"Why not go and tell them what the trouble is?" the doctor asked him.

"Because I have good reasons for not wishing to do so."

"But how can anyone find us out here? You see, the situation is an unusual one."

"I'll make a trail that anyone who can see can follow."

The doctor had to submit, and Karl turned to the Zulu and asked if he wanted the two assegais that were sticking in the arm and shoulder of the Irishman.

"Yes."

"Get them then."

"Hold on—let me draw them," said the doctor, turning to Nagle, who was still standing in the same spot where he was when the assegais struck him. "Let me attend to that, Nagle."

"Yes, doctor, only I want to kape them," replied the Irishman.

"But you can't keep them where they are, my dear sir. I must take them out."

"But I'll buy them from the nigger."

"That is another matter with which I have nothing to do," and he proceeded to draw the sticks from the wounds.

Nagle breathed hard, for the pain was great, but said, as soon as they were out:

"Now let me have a shot at that Zulu!"

"Keep quiet, you fool!" said the doctor. "I don't want the trouble of burying you."

"I'll take that trouble off your hands, doctor," Karl remarked.

"I'll dance on your grave, you spalpeen!" hissed Nagle, white with rage and bleeding profusely.

"You are the sort of a Christian to do such things," Karl retorted. "Write your note, doctor, and I'll see that it is delivered."

It took the doctor some time to quiet the pugnacious Irishman, after which he wrote a note to be delivered to a man named Wilson at the mine where the doctor was interested in the products.

"Anyone there will show you his quarters," said the doctor, as he handed Karl the note. "Tell him to—"

"I beg your pardon, doctor. I shall not see him at all. He will get the note if he is in the camp."

"Very well," and the doctor bowed, and Karl sprang into the saddle and rode away, the Zulu leading the other horse with the leopard skin bag on his back.

The doctor noticed the bag for the first time and kept looking at it as long as it was in sight. Then he turned to Courland, and asked:

"What has he got in that skin?"

"I don't know, but I am convinced that it's either gold or diamonds," the captain replied.

"Sure! I am going to find out!" and he started through the bushes after Karl.

"Hold on there, doctor," called Courland.

"What is it?" the doctor asked, looking back at them.

"Who will take care of us after you are hurt?"

"But I won't be hurt."

"You will be killed. Let that young Boer alone. I know him better than you do."

The doctor stood still a few moments debating with himself, and then turned and went back to his two patients, wondering what manner of boy young Karl Kruger was. Karl rode on and Haka kept close at his heels, and from the top of the hills soon caught sight of the camp of the miners. There he stopped and gave Haka instructions how to find Wilson and give him the doctor's note.

The Zulu was gone two hours and then came back to report that he had found the Uitlander and given him the note.

CHAPTER V.—"They Are All Diamonds."

Karl Kruger reached Pretoria on the third day after leaving Courland and Nagle in the woods, and at once sought out Herr Kronheim, who had been the old-time friend of his father. The old Boer received him gladly when told who he was. He had not seen Karl in nine years.

"What a lad you have grown to be!" he exclaimed, removing his pipe and looking him over. "You are like your father at your age. I hope you will be like him in all other respects."

"I hope so, too, Mine Herr Kronheim. He loved you and said you were the best friend he ever had. I often heard him tell my mother so. He came to you for advice and always got it. He said you never advised him wrong. I have come to you for advice now!"

"My son, I would advise you as I would my own child. What is it now?"

Karl drew a handful of rough diamonds from his pocket, laid them on the table in front of the old Boer, and asked if he could tell him whether they were diamonds, or just plain, worthless stones. The old Boer took up several of them, and looked at them in silence for a couple of minutes. Then he laid them down on the table, took off his old horn-rimmed glasses, wiped them with his handkerchief, put them on again, and carefully resumed the inspection of the stone. He took them up one by one, till each had passed through his hands. Then he looked at Karl, and said:

"They are all diamonds."

"Then I am the richest boy in the Transvaal, for I have more than two bushels of them," and young Karl was as calm and cool as the old Boer himself, as he made the remark. Herr Kronheim, though, breathed hard when he heard the words "two bushels," and glared at the lad as he would have done had Herr Bismarck suddenly appeared before him. But he was not at all demonstrative. He merely asked:

"Where are they?"

"Outside on my horse," replied Karl. "Where shall I put them?"

"Bring them in here."

Karl went out. When he returned he had the leather saddle bags under his arms, whilst Haka staggered under the weight of the leopard skin's contents. Both bags were deposited on the floor by the table, and then Haka returned to the horses outside. Mine Herr Kronheim opened the saddle bags and looked at the pile of stones there. One of them had a cut side and shone like the noonday sun. Karl took it up and said:

"This is yours for my father's sake."

Herr Kronheim's eyes filled with tears.

"I thank you, Karl," said he. "It is very like him—rough, but with a bright side."

"What shall I do with these? I want to sell them for what they are worth."

"We will take them to the Bank of Pretoria and have them sold in Europe. But I would advise you not to sell them all. They are good to keep, and not very easily destroyed."

"I will be guided by you."

"It is well. Did you mine these yourself?" the old Boer asked.

"I got them in the bed of a stream in a gorge of the hills. Only Haka, my Zulu, knows the place."

"Well, you should stake the claim at once or buy the land."

"I shall do both."

Her Kronheim then sent for an official of the bank to come to his house, and an hour later the man came. He was astounded at the sight of so many precious stones in one heap.

"Where did they come from?" he asked.

"Out of my mine," Karl said. "But keep it a secret a while. Take these to your bank, sell half of them for the most you can get, and keep the balance for me."

The arrangements were then made, and Mine Herr Kronheim and the banker were to be the agents of young Karl in Pretoria.

"Young man," said the banker, extending his hand to Karl after the arrangements had been completed, "you are the richest youth in all the Transvaal, for you have undoubtedly found the richest diamond mine in all the world. You have gathered a fortune before it was known. Have you staked your claim yet?"

"No. I don't believe I know how it is done," young Karl replied.

"I will explain it to you so you can stake it and hold it against all the world," and the astute old banker quietly expounded the law on the subject and told him how to comply with its requirements.

Karl listened closely, and said he could easily do all that. The banker then had all the diamonds sent to the bank and placed in the vault. Karl had a large sum of money placed to his credit, from which his sister at school was to have the right to draw whatever amount she wanted. That matter settled, Karl lost no time in going to see Mary. She did not know that he had returned to Pretoria, and was quite surprised at seeing him. He told her of his good fortune, and that when she wanted money she could go to Herr Kronheim and have him make out a check for as much as she desired.

"And may I have some new dresses made up—like Miss Elkington's?" she asked.

"Yes—anything you want, silks, satins and diamonds, and horses and a carriage, if you wish."

"Karl, have you so much money?" she asked in her little womanly way.

"Yes, Mary. I am the richest boy in the Transvaal, and you are the richest girl, for half is yours."

"You are good to me, Karl."

"You are a good sister and a good girl. We are alone in the world, and we must share alike all we have."

Karl then left her, saying he would see her again before he left the city. He spent a week making arrangements to return to his mine with a complete outfit, accompanied by a mining expert. When ready to start he called at the school again to see Mary. She told him she had bought some goods and was having some dresses made up for her.

"That is right. Buy whatever you want, and dress as you please. The money is yours, and I know you will not spend it foolishly. Girls love dresses, and you shall have anything you wish for.

But don't give any checks to strangers. Let Herr Kronheim draw your checks and give you any advice you want. But you must ask his advice. He won't intrude his advice on anyone."

She promised to do as he said, and then he took leave of her and rode away, faithful Haka following close behind him with his deadly assegais in a bundle in his hand. Karl joined a mining party in the outskirts of the town. It consisted of ten men and two big wagons drawn by oxen. In the wagons were provisions and mining tools of every description in the greatest abundance, together with arms and ammunition. They were all in his employ, under the management of a mining expert of the name of Trenholm. The expert was engaged by the Pretoria Bank for Karl at a large salary, to be subject to his orders at all times during the period of his contract. The progress of the party was slow on account of the wagons. A road had to be cut in some places, and in others rude bridges had to be constructed. In due time, however, they reached the spot where Karl had left Courland and Nagle. Both were gone, leaving evidences behind them that they had remained there some time.

"They are gone, Haka," Karl said to the Zulu.

"Yes, but they live."

"Yes, friends took them away. It is well."

"Yes."

But they were joined the next day by a party of Englishmen—prospectors for gold and diamond fields. Karl did not exhibit much cordiality on meeting them. But they cared little for that. Like all of their tribe on the dark continent, they acted on the presumption that all the earth was theirs and the fullness thereof.

"Which way are you going?" their leader asked of Trenholm, as they did not consider Karl as anything but a boy in years.

"Southward," replied Trenholm.

"Any particular point?"

"Yes—we are looking for a point that will pay us to stop and dig."

"That is what we are looking for, too," the man replied.

"Yes, everybody seems to be looking for the same thing just now. By scattering we have the best chance to find something."

"Do you expect to find anything south of here?"

"We go southward because the ground there has not been overrun as elsewhere."

"That's a good idea. We will go south with you and help make a good camp."

That was just what Karl and Trenholm did not want. Trenholm was an Englishman, but he was true to his contract and loyal to Karl. He said to Karl in an undertone:

"We have no right to say they shall not go too. What shall we do?"

"Do nothing. Let 'em alone. To make objections would arouse suspicion. We can slip away and stake my claim when we get near the spot."

Trenholm agreed with him; hence he made no objections. The Englishmen went along with them, and camped around the same fire that evening. When they saw the respect paid Karl by all his party they wondered at it. They hated the Boers, and generally held them in contempt. But Karl had no love for Uitlanders. He kept out of their way, yet when spoken to was courteous in his quiet way.

On the third night after the Englishman had joined them, Karl, Trenholm and Haka slipped out of the camp and made their way on foot to the gorge in the hills where he had found his diamonds. There they staked off the claim the law would allow them. That done, they returned to the camp about noon.

"Where have you been?" the leader of the Uitlanders demanded of Trenholm.

"That you have no right to ask," was the quiet reply.

"You have stolen a march on us."

"Yes, I think we have. We have staked our claim."

CHAPTER VI.—Paul Kruger at His Mine.

Trenholm's reply electrified the five Englishmen. They gathered around him with angry glances. Said their leader:

"You have no right to do that. We will not recognize the claim."

"Why not?" Karl asked.

"Because we had no show."

"We have not interfered with you. I found the claim nearly a month ago, and am on my way back to it. The claim must be respected by you and everybody else."

"You will make us respect it, eh?" the leader sneered.

"I don't know that I can do that, but I will defend it with my life."

"So will I," added Trenholm.

"And so will all my men," remarked Karl.

"We'll see about it when we get there," returned the Englishman. "It was a sneaky movement."

"Not so," replied Karl. "You are not of our party. You forced yourselves on us after the manner of Uitlanders. We were under no obligations to tell you our secret."

The cool, fearless manner of young Karl astonished the Briton, who could ill stand any such talk from a boy of seventeen years. Said he:

"You will find it much to your advantage to keep a very civil tongue in your head, young man."

"So will all men," was the reply, and then Karl turned and said to Trenholm:

"We will move on now to the creek."

They did move, and the five Englishmen moved with them. Just a little before sunset they reached the gorge. The wagons had to stop several hundred yards back from the spot, owing to the ruggedness of the country thereabouts. The Englishmen looked about them in every direction for the claim that had been staked. They did not see it, and night came and rendered the search fruitless in the dark.

Karl laid down and slept all night long, leaving the others to do the watching. The Englishmen kept a strict watch on him and Trenholm, and when they went to the creek they followed.

"This is my claim," he said to all the party when he reached it.

"Where have you dug?"

"I haven't dug any yet."

"How do you know there are diamonds here, then?" the English leader asked.

"I don't know. I am going to dig to find out."

"The boy is a fool," remarked one of the party, and the others assented and turned away. They went over the hills prospecting, and Karl and Trenholm set their men at work, digging where the creek cut through the hills. He explained to the expert how he had found an immense number in the pool below, and said he believed they had been washed out of the gorge by the swollen stream.

"I think you are right," said Trenholm. "We will dig there anyway."

The digging soon developed the fact that the sides of the gorge cut by the stream was studded with the precious stones. The finding of a single stone sent a thrill among the Englishmen. They began digging on a corner of the claim.

"You must leave there at once, gentlemen," cried Trenholm, who explained that the claim had been staked in accordance with mining law.

"Do you think you can make us leave?" the leader asked.

"I don't know that we can, but we intend to try it."

"Then the sooner you begin the better it will suit us," and the leader drew a revolver.

Trenholm retired and the Englishmen jeered him, calling out to him:

"And you claim to be an Englishman! You are a cowardly Boer!"

Trenholm and Karl at once told their men to lay down their tools. Two men were sent to the camp for arms—rifles which were concealed in the wagons. When they came, Karl said:

"Now, let's settle this matter once for all. Give 'em bullets till they go away, or are all dead."

The firing commenced—both sides seeking the shelter of the trees. Karl's forces were three to one, and in five minutes four of the five Englishmen were wounded.

The wounded ones begged their companions to stop firing as the odds were against them, and they did so.

"Have you got enough?" Karl asked.

"Yes, for the present," was the reply.

"Well, when you want more you can call on us and get it. We Boers never failed to give you Uitlanders enough when you needed it. You give up, do you?"

"The British South African Company will attend to you," replied the leader, who had a bullet in his right shoulder.

"Yes—I've heard of that company. They don't own this country, though they think they do. You must leave here right away."

"But four of us are wounded."

"Yes—you are lucky to be alive. If you can travel, you must go."

"Hold on, Kruger," said Trenholm, in an undertone. "They can stay here as long as they keep off your claim. We have no right to run them off any further than that."

"Very well. If any of them come over on my claim after this he will be killed."

The digging was then resumed and a good many precious stones were found by Karl's diggers. The Englishmen encamped below them and in sight, but did not interfere any more. The one who escaped being hit had the other four to look after. Yet he found time to do some prospecting in the vicinity.

Suddenly a stream of excited miners came pouring over the hills. The news of a new dia-

mond field had gone out and the rush began. Men of every nationality flocked there, and, as a matter of course, many of them were reckless, desperate characters, who carried their lives in their hands. There were very few Boers among them, for they were an agricultural people. Diamonds were found among the hills and in the ravines between them. But none of them yielded such returns as the Boer mine—such being the name Karl had given to his claim. The hills were cut into and torn all to pieces. Tents and log huts were everywhere, and thousands of men were scattered round among the hills. Now and then rich finds were reported.

One night a young man with long hair, wide-brimmed hat and buckskin breeches on, came to Karl, and said:

"See here, Kruger, I am an American. Have been here four days trying to get a chance. Am out of money and starving. Can't find work and have no claim of my own. I am but little older than you are—being just twenty-one—and that may be against me. I want to ask for work or a stake. You will find that I am no slouch."

Young Karl liked his frankness, and, after looking him over in his quiet way, asked:

"What is your name?"

"Tom Harrison. I was four years a cowboy in America."

"A cowboy—what is that?" Karl asked.

Tom explained it to him.

"Ah! Yes. You know all about oxen, then?"

"Yes—all about 'em from horns to tail."

"And you can manage men, too?"

"Well, I had charge of a score of pretty rough fellows on the ranch for one year."

"Then you are the man I want—if you want to work."

"That's what I want," Tom replied.

"Very well. I want a man to take charge of my wagons to and from Pretoria. They carry diamonds and bring back provisions—a dangerous position, you see."

"Yes. I don't mind the danger."

"Well, you are the only Uitlander I ever saw whom I believe I could trust. Haka, give this man whatever he wants in the way of food and clothes."

"Don't need any clothes. I'm hungry—that's all," said Harrison. Half an hour later his hunger existed no longer. He had feasted.

On the day following Harrison's arrival a party of Englishmen came to the camp. They were capitalists, and some were noblemen, or sons of noblemen, going around the globe. They had guides, servants, and first-class camping equipments. There were five ladies in the party, two of them elderly married women, accompanied by their husbands and daughters. Titled Englishmen frequently traveled that way.

The Boer mine being the richest in the camp, the party called to see it. Trenholm did the honors. Karl disliked Englishmen so much, he would not go about them. He remained with Tom Harrison, whom he had conceived a great liking for. A messenger from Trenholm told him he was wanted at the mine. He went there, and found the English party there, including the ladies. Trenholm introduced him to Sir Walter Grange, who introduced him to the others, in-

cluding his daughter Beatrice. The latter was a blonde beauty of eighteen years of age.

"You own this mine, they tell me."

"Yes, I own it," replied Karl.

"It is said to be the best in the Transvaal."

"Yes, I believe it is," Karl replied. And then he told of the accidental discovery of the immense deposit of diamonds in the bottom of the stream.

Beatrice Grange was a listener to every word he uttered, and when he finished the story, asked him many questions about himself. He seemed to lose his dislike of Uitlanders in her presence.

"Who is that young man with the long hair and brown mustache?" she asked of him a little later, when she saw Tom Harrison talking to one of the party a little distance away.

"He is an American—one of my employees."

"My, but he is handsome!" she remarked to her young lady companion.

Karl smiled, and she saw it.

"Please don't tell him you heard me say that," she said.

"I shall not tell him. He might be so proud he would stop working for me."

Both ladies laughed, and a few moments later one of them said:

"Here comes Captain Courland. You ought to know him. He is one of the bravest soldiers in the army. He has just recovered from a dangerous wound. Captain Courland, this is Mr. Kruger, who owns this mine, which is said to be the richest in all Africa."

Courland started as if stung and turned pale as his eyes met Karl Kruger's. Karl bowed low to the ladies, saying:

"Captain Courland and I have met before. He remembers me very well, no doubt. I gave him his last wound, and am at his command at sunset to-day or sunrise to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER VII.—The Meeting In the Clearing.

It is impossible to describe the effect of young Karl's words on the two English ladies. Courland stood like one dumfounded for the moment, and his face was a picture to look at.

"What does it mean, Captain Courland?" Beatrice Grange asked, turning to that officer.

"It means just what he says. We have had one meeting. I was hit. We will have another," and the hard iciness of his tones told how deep was the resentment he felt at being thus exposed by the young Boer. It was deeper and more intense when she exclaimed:

"An officer in the Queen's service fighting a mere boy! I am amazed!"

"He is a boy in years. His savage nature forced the quarrel on me, and even now, in your presence, he has challenged me. He has no respect for man or woman."

"I honor all true men and women," said Karl, bowing to the ladies. "My quarrel with him is on account of a young girl whom he basely deceived. He is a scoundrel."

The ladies were astonished. They well knew that such language meant a duel among gentlemen of their set. One had already been fought by them. They glared at Courland, whose face was livid with passion over his exposure, for he

had been paying attentions to Beatrice Grange—known in English society as The Honorable Beatrice Grange."

"He has misjudged me and forced a quarrel on me," the captain explained. "I shall lay all the facts before you, and even bring the young lady into your presence and have her tell you the truth herself, if you will permit me to do so. In the meantime grant me the boon of your silence until I have punished this young savage as he deserves. I will meet him at sunset," and with that he bowed to the two ladies and strode away in search of a friend of the party with whom he was traveling.

Beatrice Grange turned to Karl and said in clear, but firm tones:

"You must not fight him."

"I have promised to do so, and I never break a promise," he replied.

"Not on the request of a lady?"

"No—for it is a matter in which ladies should not interfere."

"You shot him once!"

"Yes, and will do so again. We are pledged to fight until one or the other is under ground."

"I shall appeal to the whole camp to put a stop to it."

Karl laughed. Said he:

"The men would all stop work to see the fight, and lynch the man who backs out. You see what would be the result of your interference. Just leave us alone. I'll give you my word of honor not to kill him!"

Beatrice looked at him in utter amazement, and said:

"But he may kill you!"

"Possibly. I do not fear on that account."

"Is it true you are but seventeen years old?" she asked.

"Yes—and three months over. I am growing older every day."

"He is an expert swordsman."

Karl smiled.

"Do you use the sword?"

"No. I never had my hand on one in my life."

"He will run you through then."

"We will use firearms—revolvers."

A gentleman belonging to the party came up to Karl and asked:

"Are you Karl Gruger?"

"Yes."

"I have business of a personal nature with you—if the ladies will excuse you!"

"The ladies will excuse us both," Karl said, bowing to the two girls and turning away with him.

"I come from Courland."

"Yes. Tom!"

Harrison left the men he was talking to, and came to Karl.

"I am to fight a duel with a Uitlander at sunset. You will act for me with this man, will you not?"

"Yes, with pleasure," replied Tom, very much surprised.

It was arranged in a very few moments, and then they started out to find a suitable place for the meeting. In the meantime Karl saw Trenholm, and told him about the meeting. He told him to keep things well in hand, to avoid trouble in case he fell under Courland's fire. Trenholm

tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Karl went to see what arrangements Harrison and the other men had made, when a gentleman of the visiting party came up to him and asked:

"Is your mine for sale?"

"Yes."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"One million pounds," was the reply.

The capitalist caught his breath. It was an enormous sum.

"You want enough, I am sure," he said, as soon as he could recover himself.

"Yes, and that is just enough," Karl replied, in a quiet matter-of-fact way.

"You don't think it too much, eh?"

"No. I would not take a penny less for it. I believe I can get double that amount out of it."

"I'll give you five hundred thousand pounds for it."

"I have no doubt you would," and Karl smiled. "I shall not sell it for less than one million pounds. I can afford to work it till it is exhausted."

Just then Harrison came up, and said to Karl:

"We have arranged time and place."

"Very well. Wait for me in my tent. I'll be there in a few minutes."

"I'll see you again," said the capitalist, turning away. Karl then retired to his tent where Tom Harrison awaited him.

"We have selected a place near the water a mile below here," Tom said. "There is a small opening there, surrounded by a dense growth that screens it from any outside view. We are to be there a little before sunset. Do you understand how to handle a revolver?"

"Yes—have used one for years," and Karl smiled at the question.

"How about a doctor?" Tom asked.

"Don't know of one in the camp. Wait till one is needed before you engage him."

"Oh, that won't do! We must have one if he can be found in the camp," and he stalked out of the tent without waiting for Karl's consent. He came back a half-hour later.

"I've found one—a Scotchman," he said. "He has a hut on the other side of the creek. I told him what was wanted, and he said he would be on hand. See here, Karl Kruger. I've seen these things before. That fellow is in the British army, and may be a good shot. You want to fire quick and true at the word 'one.' Aim halfway between his head and feet and you'll get him. If you hit him before he fires you are safe."

"I've met him before and laid him out," Karl said with a smile.

"The deuce you have!"

"Yes."

"Well?" and the face of the cowboy was a picture worth seeing.

Karl laughed in his quiet way, and Tom said:

"It's one on me. I give it up."

The four men met just before sunset at the appointed place. The surgeon was there—or rather the Scotch physician.

Courland was pale, but had a manly bearing about him. Karl was cool and stolid in his Boer manner. The two stood staring at each other while the two seconds stepped off the ten paces. The measuring was soon done and then the weapons were examined and found all right. The

two seconds agreed that the doctor should give the word, being a stranger to all parties concerned.

The two principals took their places. Courland threw off his coat and dropped it on the grass, but Karl stood as cool and unconcerned in manner as any disinterested spectator would have done.

"You will fire between the words one and three," said the Scotchman. "Are you ready?"

"Ready!" both responded.

A scream, or a series of screams, rent the air in the bushes just back of where Tom Harrison stood. He wheeled and sprang into the bushes to find himself with a big leopard who had sprung upon the young girl whom he had seen with Beatrice Grange that afternoon. The girl was lying on the ground in a dead faint, the beast standing over her, his eyes flashing and tail beating the bushes. Just a few paces distant stood Beatrice Grange, screaming in horror. Quick as a flash the cowboy drew a revolver and fired. The beast sprang through the air and barely missed his head. He dodged, wheeled and fired again quick as thought, and the leopard rolled on the ground in its death agonies.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Maidens and the Leopard.

Beatrice Grange was not one of the weak, fainting sort of women. She saw at a glance that the leopard was done for, and sprang to the side of her prostrate friend.

"Oh, Cicely!" she cried. "Oh, she is dead!"

The girl was unconscious and bleeding from several scratches on her left shoulder. Harrison raised her in his arms and bore her into the opening where the two principals were in their places, weapons in hand.

"Gentlemen, please wait a few moments!" he called out. "We are interrupted quite unexpectedly."

Beatrice Grange appeared and Courland looked like a man on whom the sentence of death had been passed. He staggered as if stricken a terrible blow, saying to his second:

"After this I hope his bullet will make an end of me!"

"You should not fight feeling that way," said his second. "How did they know of the meeting?"

"They heard him challenge me."

"It is unfortunate. We had better postpone the meeting till sunrise."

"Never! We must fight before we leave here, even if it be by torchlight."

Karl went to Harrison, and looked at the unconscious girl, saying:

"Is she much hurt?"

"Don't you see how she bleeds? Look!" and Beatrice Grange pointed to the bloodstains on the dress of her friend.

"They were made by the leopard's claws. They may be very painful, but not dangerous."

"She is not dead then?"

"No. I think she has fainted."

Harrison sprang to his feet, ran to the water but a few paces distant, and dipped his hat full of it. Then he returned, and began sprink-

ling the face of the prostrate girl with it. She soon came to, and began screaming. Beatrice caught hold of her hand, and said in a soothing way:

"Be quiet, dear, the brute is dead. This brave man killed him and saved us both."

Cicely opened wide her eyes, and gazed up at the three faces above her. Courland nor his second went near them. They were keeping strictly to the rules of the code, about which Karl knew nothing and Harrison cared less.

"You are saved, dear," said Beatrice again.

The Scotchman came to Harrison, and said that the other party insisted on the fight taking place.

"All right—take your place, Karl."

Karl promptly took his place, and Beatrice sprang to Harrison's side, saying:

"My goodness, don't let them fight!"

"Are you ready?" from the doctor.

"Ready!"

"Fire—one——!"

Crack! The two reports were scarcely distinguishable. Karl stood unmoved, whilst Courland reeled backward. The bullet had hit him in the shoulder. Beatrice was held round the waist by Harrison as the shots were fired. She came near falling when she saw Courland reel. Then she glanced at Karl and found him standing solid as a rock.

"You are not hit?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Eh! where?" exclaimed Harrison.

"Just a blaze across my side. I don't think the skin is broken."

"Are you satisfied, gentlemen?" Tom asked.

"For the present—yes," replied the other second.

"Then we will attend to the ladies," said Karl, going to where the young girl was lying on the grass. "Miss, can you walk?"

"I—I—don't know," she replied.

Beatrice looked toward the other party and found the Scotchman leading Courland away through the bushes. She knew that he was not dangerously hurt.

"Oh, this is awful!" she said. "Why will men be so savage?"

Karl looked at her, and said:

"Woman is at the bottom of it."

"We two girls came here to try to stop it, but that horrid beast prevented us. We have got the worst of it, for I am sure I shall never get over the shock."

"You are the bravest girl I ever saw," said Harrison, glancing up at her, for he was kneeling by Cicely Kingdom, her friend.

"You are the bravest man I ever met," she replied. "But for you that beast would have killed us both."

"I don't think he ever saw such tempting morsels before," and he laughed.

"Let's get her back to the camp. It's getting dark. I don't want to be out to tempt any more such beasts," said Beatrice.

Karl made a signal, and Haka bounded into the opening, assegais in hand. Beatrice gave a start and glanced at the Zulu in no little uneasiness.

"Haka, take that leopard's skin off and bring it up to my tent."

"Yes," he said.

Karl and Harrison then raised the wounded girl to her feet. She could hardly stand, but they

held her up till they were half way to the camp. Then she fainted again.

Harrison seized her in his arms, and said to the others:

"Lead on and I'll follow."

He bore her all the way to the tent of her parents. Beatrice told them a leopard had attacked them and the young man had saved them. They were very much alarmed, of course, but the cowboy assured them that it was only a faint. She came to under the attentions of the other ladies, and Tom and the others returned across the creek.

"You pinked him beautifully," the cowboy said to Karl, when crossing the stream.

"I knew I could," Karl replied. "I didn't want to kill him. I can place a bullet anywhere I wish. I am glad those ladies were there. I think he has been courting Miss Grange, and it has ruined his chances there."

"What is the quarrel between you?"

"I will tell you some day."

They went to Karl's quarters, and a few minutes later Haka came in with the leopard's skin. The next day Karl let Tom take it over to Miss Kingdom as a memento of her adventure. She was in a fever and could not see him. But her father, a pompous English capitalist, thanked him, and said:

"I want to reward you for your gallant conduct, young man," and he drew a fat wallet from his pocket.

"Hold on there!" said Tom, with an indignant ring in his tones. "I am a gentleman. Do you wish to insult me?"

"Indeed, no!" and the Briton caught his breath in astonishment.

"I am not an Englishman," said Tom. "I am an American. Don't make any mistake on that point, sir!"

The Englishman frowned, but said no more. He put the wallet back into his pocket with a snap and turned away. Tom also turned away and recrossed the creek. His blood was boiling with indignation.

"No wonder Karl hates the whole tribe of Englishmen," he remarked, as he made his way back to his quarters. "I don't blame him and shall hate them, too, after this."

He was at work arranging for a trip to Pretoria, when a man came to him and asked if his name was Harrison.

"Yes, that's my handle," he said.

"Sir Walter Grange wishes to see you over at his quarters."

"What about?"

"I don't know."

"Tell him I will call as soon as I can leave my business," he replied.

The man went away, and an hour later Tom went over to the quarters of the visitors. Sir Walter met him and extending his hand to him, said:

"We are going away in another day, and Lady Grange and myself wish to see and thank you for your gallant rescue of our daughter the other evening."

"I am glad I was able to do so, sir," Tom replied. "I did what was a man's duty to do—to protect a lady wherever found."

"But some men would have run away and left us to be eaten by the brute," said Beatrice, com-

ing in at the moment. "You were as quick as lightning. Oh, I won't let you excuse yourself. You saved us both. I am sorry we are going so soon, as I wanted you to go hunting with us."

"Then I am sorry, too," he remarked, laughing. "I am sure you run a great risk hunting in Africa unless I am with you."

She laughed merrily, and said:

"My father wishes you to visit us at Grange Castle in Dorsetshire, should you ever come to England."

"Thanks, Sir Walter, I shall do so if I ever land in England. I have my fortune to make yet and may never leave Africa till I do."

"I sincerely hope you may find a fortune," said Sir Walter, and then, after a little more conversation, he bade them good-by and left.

It was soon known in the camp that young Karl Kruger had exchanged shots with the British officer over a young lady.

In the meantime Karl had decided to accompany the wagons himself to Pretoria, leaving Trenholm in charge of the mine. Harrison and Haka were also with them. Accordingly, the next day the wagon train started. The English party also started at the same time. In due time they reached a place where it was customary for them to stop and make camp on their way to Pretoria.

During the night they realized that lions were prowling about.

Along about midnight, while Tom and Karl were on the watch, the latter said:

"Hark!"

Then he laid a hand on Tom's arm, and exclaimed:

"Look at that!"

Tom looked in the direction indicated and saw a white-robed figure moving slowly over the grass toward some bushes.

"It's a ghost!" uttered Tom.

A big lion came out of the bushes and gazed at the wagons. As soon as it saw the white-robed figure it began to retreat. Then the figure turned around and walked in the opposite direction. The lion followed.

Suddenly the two young men heard a low voice singing. It came from the direction of the figure.

"That sounds like a live woman," said Karl.

"Look! The lion is creeping closer."

"Let's give him two bullets in the head."

Then two shots made one report. A frightful roar from the lion and a scream from the white-robed figure, which had tumbled all in a heap on the ground.

CHAPTER IX.—A Beautiful Somnambulist.

When the two bullets struck him the lion bounded high in the air and fell with a thud that was heard throughout the camp. Then came roars and a terrible death struggle, mingled with the piercing screams of a woman. The lion rolled over against and partly on the white-robed figure, whose wild screams awoke the echoes.

Tom Harrison sprang forward, caught her in his arms and tore her away from the lion. Her screams ceased, and she lay limp in his arms. She had swooned. The entire camp was alarmed. The cattle bellowed, and the Zulus yelled to drive

away the lions. Lights flashed here and there, and the Englishmen came out of their huts armed and only half-dressed.

"Where are they? Where are the lions?" they cried as they stood about ready to fire at any moving object.

Tom Harrison ran to the light with his unconscious burden. When he saw her white face he exclaimed:

"Good gracious! It is Miss Grange!"

"Eh! What!" gasped her father, emerging from his tent, gun in hand. "What's that! My daughter!" and he rushed to Tom's side. He recognized her instantly. She was his daughter in her night robe.

A cry of horror escaped him. He snatched her from Tom's arms and staggered toward his tent with her. Lady Grange heard what Tom had said, and was uttering scream after scream as the daughter was borne to her.

Crack! Another rifle shot, and the roars and growls that followed told that another monarch of the forest was shot. Several Englishmen rushed to where the rifle flashed, and found that it was young Kruger who had fired.

"Did you hit him?" one asked.

"Yes," he replied. "It was a pair of old fellows who were looking for supper, but I don't think they will get anything to eat to-night."

"I'd give ten pounds to kill one," said one of the party. "Was he carrying off the young lady?"

"No. She was walking about out there all alone when he first saw her."

"Ah! They thought she was cured of that some time ago."

"Cured of what?" Karl asked.

"She is, or was a somnambulist."

"Oh, I understand," Karl replied.

"They thought she was cured of the habit," added his informant. "Was the beast near her when you fired?"

"Yes. He was preparing to spring upon her. Tom is a good shot. The beast is dead by this time."

"But the one you shot is still alive."

"Yes—let's go nearer and see him."

Several lights were brought by the Zulus, and the lion that was first shot was quite dead. The second one was still dangerous in his death agonies.

"Put a bullet or two into him," said young Karl, to those about him, and every Englishman there fired into him. It settled him, and a few minutes later the beast was dead.

Tom Harrison remained near the tent of Sir Walter Grange, waiting to hear whether or not Beatrice was hurt by the lion. When the half-dozen shots were fired into the dying lion, Sir Walter came running out, gun in hand, thinking the camp was attacked by foes. Tom met him, and said:

"They are just finishing up the lions, sir. Is Miss Grange hurt?"

"I think not, thank you. Can you tell me anything about her being out there where you found her?"

"Yes, I think I can, but how she got there is what I don't know," and then he told him how he and Karl had first seen her walking near the edge of the thicket and the lion following her about. Sir Walter shuddered as he listened.

"She used to walk in her sleep from childhood,"

he said. "But we thought she had been cured of the habit. This is the first time she has done so in two years or more. You have saved her life the second time, my dear sir, and words cannot tell the depth of our gratitude to you," and he wrung his hand as he spoke.

"It will always be a source of pleasure to me to know that I was near enough to save her, Sir Walter," Tom replied. "I took her for a ghost at first, and not till I heard her voice did I suspect her of being flesh and blood. It is a miracle she escaped unhurt."

"Yes, yes—so I think," assented Sir Walter. "Come, let's go see the lion," and he led the way to the spot where the party were standing around the one last shot. When he got there everyone asked after Beatrice. He thanked them all, and reported her but a little bruised.

"I want to see the lion that was so near to her when he was shot," he said, turning to Karl.

"He lies out there," said Karl, pointing in the direction of the thicket. "Come on and I'll show him to you."

The entire party went along, and a search revealed the fact that Tom had sent a bullet through his head from ear to ear.

"That was a good shot in the dark, my dear sir," said Sir Walter, turning to Tom. "I can't understand how you could shoot so well under such circumstances."

"He is simply a good marksman, sir," said Karl, before Tom could make any reply. "He has the steady nerve and quick aim of a Boer, who seldom throw away a bullet."

"Yes, yes! He must be an extraordinary good shot. I thank goodness for his skill and nerve."

Karl gave orders for the skinning of the two lions, after which the party returned to their tents to talk over the incidents of the night. Every Englishman was very eager to get a shot at a lion, and several begged Karl to call them up in case any more of them came about the camp.

But no more lions appeared that night. The smell of blood attracted the jackals, who made sleep impossible for the rest of the night. The Zulus kept guard till sunrise, and then they all prepared to resume the journey.

Tom Harrison was engaged in superintending the teams, when a messenger came to him with a note from Beatrice Grange, asking him to come over and breakfast with her. It was impossible for him to leave his place then, so he took out a pencil and wrote on the back of her note:

"A thousand thanks for the honor of your invitation. I breakfasted an hour ago and cannot now leave my post. Please excuse pencil (and the apparent discourteous use of your note), as in camp we have but few conveniences, you know. May I indulge the hope of seeing you during the day?"

"Most respectfully, Thos. Harrison."

"Take that to the lady, please," said he to the man who brought it. The man turned away and Tom went on with his task of getting the teams ready to start. He had much to do, as the Zulus were sure to get things wrong if not carefully watched. They finally got off and Tom was here, there and everywhere. But the wagon that held the products of the Boer mine was never for one moment left unguarded.

Karl kept an eye on everything himself, but acknowledged to himself that Tom was his mainstay in every instance.

During the morning Karl Kruger kept near the wagon having his treasure. He did not care to leave it unprotected a single moment. While talking to the driver of the wagon he was told that a party of armed men were encamped in a narrow defile just ahead of them. He knew the pass well, as he had been the main cause of some obstructions in it being removed to let his wagons pass.

"Tom, arm every man selected for defense," he said to Harrison. "I'll go back and inform the Uitlanders."

He rode back and told Sir Walter what news had been brought to him by one of the natives.

"Can the native be relied on?" Sir Walter asked him.

"As much so as anyone else," he replied. "I don't see how it would pay him to tell us an untrue story about it."

"Well, what shall we do?" the Englishman asked.

"Prepare to defend ourselves if attacked," Karl replied.

"Of course—of course. Our party is pretty well armed, you know."

"Yes, but will they act with my party, or stand aloof?"

"What do you wish us to do?"

"To act with us, of course."

"Under whose orders?"

"Mr. Harrison's. He has charge of my party."

"Very well. He is a brave fellow. Tell him we will follow his instructions."

Karl rode back and met Tom.

"Tell him to take command of the rear, and we'll look after this end of the train," said Tom.

"Ride back there and see him," Karl suggested. "I don't think he cares to have a Boer give him orders."

Tom rode back at full speed and met Sir Walter at the head of his party. They were all armed to the teeth. Beatrice was in the saddle, too, while her mother and other ladies were in one of the wagons. Tom removed his hat and saluted her.

CHAPTER X.—The Battle In the Pass.

"Sir Walter," Tom said, addressing the nobleman, "there is an armed party in the pass in front of us. We may have a fight. Will you join us in the fun?"

"Fun! Do you call it fun?" Sir Walter asked. "Lives may be lost, and——"

Tom laughed, and interrupted him.

"Yes—fun to men of your nationality and mine. Will you command in the rear here and give 'em a taste of what Englishmen can do when interfered with?"

"Yes, if you wish it, but I would rather be in the front."

"I know. But I am familiar with the pass and you are not."

"Yes—you are right. Who are they?"

"I don't know. From what I can learn they are a body of adventurers who have failed to strike it rich in either gold or diamonds, hence

may try to get by plundering what they failed to secure by honest work."

"Very well said, sir," returned Sir Walter. "If you need assistance in front, let me know, and you shall have it."

"Thank you. If they attack you we will come to your assistance," and with that Tom rode back to the front.

"A brave fellow," remarked Sir Walter.

The wagon train entered the defile and moved along slowly. Tom and ten picked men rode in front of the first wagon. The pass was about an eighth of a mile in length. When about half way through, Tom saw a gang of men behind trees and rocks, guns in hand, peering out at them.

"Halt thar!" came from a red-shirted, bearded man, stepping out from behind a boulder.

"You can't halt me," said Tom, flashing out his revolver so quickly as to make the man start. "Drop that gun and hold up your hands!"

The man started to aim at him. Crack! Tom fired, and the man sank down in his tracks with a bullet in his brain. A half-dozen shots were instantly fired at him. Two bullets cut locks of hair from his head.

"Let 'em have it, men," he cried, leaping to the ground and dashing into the midst of the rough-looking fellows behind the trees and boulders, a revolver in each hand.

The ten men opened fire at once, and the villains returned it. They never noticed that Tom was in behind them. Tom fired at the rate of twenty shots to the minute, and seven or eight men were down ere it was known that he was there. Then the villains turned on him.

"Close in on 'em, men!" cried Tom, firing right and left.

The guard dismounted and rushed to his assistance. The villains were four to one, and for a time it looked as though Tom and his men would be wiped out. But the cowboy never missed a shot. He fired with lightning like rapidity, and man after man went down before his unerring aim. Suddenly Karl Kruger, who had been with the treasure wagon in the center of the train, dashed into the thickest of the fray, Haka, the faithful Zulu, by his side.

Karl fired quickly, and never missed a man. Haka uttered the battle cry of his people, and sent his assegais whizzing through the air to find lodgment in the bodies of the assailants. Just a few minutes after Karl entered the fight the Englishmen came rushing in with Sir Walter at their head. Then it became a terrific struggle. The robbers seemed to regard Tom Harrison as the soul of the resistance, and made repeated rushes at him. But Tom and Karl kept well together, and did frightful execution with their revolvers. Suddenly Beatrice Grange dashed up on horseback, crying out:

"They are robbing our wagons! Help! Help! Oh, we'll all be killed!"

Karl Kruger heard her, but no one else seemed to in that terrific struggle. He called to Haka:

"Come with me, Haka!" and ran by the British maiden's horse, the Zulu at his heels.

Beatrice urged her horse after him.

"There are seven of them!" she cried. "You will be killed. Call more help!"

"Come on, Haka," was all he said, as he ran

along the length of the wagon train past his own great treasure.

She followed him, hoping others would do the same. He had one revolver whose chambers were charged. The other was empty. Just as he came to the English party's wagon he saw two stalwart villains holding Lady Grange and searching her person for valuables. She was screaming at the top of her lungs. Karl fired twice as he ran, and the two villains sank down at the feet of the screaming woman, each with a bullet in his head. Two others rushed at him, and two bullets fired quickly downed them. The other three came on, and Haka settled one with an assegai. Karl shot another, and then Haka went for the last one with an assegai which he did not cast at all, using it as a sword, piercing the wretch through and through with it.

Thus the seven were wiped out inside of two minutes. The young Boer had downed five by his unerring aim. Beatrice was an eye-witness of the fight, and was lost in admiration of the young Boer. Lady Grange was still screaming in her terror.

"Madam, you are safe!" called out Karl, going up to her and laying a hand on her arm.

Beatrice sprang to the ground, ran to her mother, crying out:

"We are safe, mother! Young Karl has slain the brutes! See, there they lie on the ground!" and she pointed to the dying villains near where she stood.

Lady Grange glared at her and instantly ceased her screaming, but said, with a shudder:

"Oh, it is awful!"

Karl stood by and listened to the sounds of battle in the pass in front. He was about to return there, when Beatrice extended her hand to him, saying:

"I thank you for coming to the rescue of my mother. You Boers are the bravest people on earth, and henceforth I am your friend against all the world—England included."

"I thank you for your kind words," Karl replied, removing his hat and bowing low to mother and daughter. "We know how to fight, and are not afraid to die."

He had not touched her hand.

"Will you let me shake your hand?" she asked.

"I forgot," he said. "Pardon me—pardon me," and he seized her hand in both his own, shook it cordially, and then raised it to his lips. "When a Boer kisses a maiden's hand it is his oath of allegiance."

"I didn't know that," she exclaimed. "It is more expressive than words. Are you hurt?"

"No."

"You seem to bear a charmed life. Is your man hurt?" and she looked at Haka, who was engaged at that moment in drawing an assegai from the body of one of the villains.

"No, he is not hurt."

"Just then a shout from the front told that the robbers had been beaten off.

"Our people have won," Karl said, turning to the mother and daughter. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"Yes—ride forward and tell Sir Walter to come to me," replied Lady Grange.

Karl was on foot and, as he turned away Beatrice said:

"Take my horse."

"Thank you. I don't need him," and he bowed again and hurried away. He met Sir Walter coming back, hot and flushed.

"Are any of your party hurt, Sir Walter?" Karl asked him.

"Yes—two are wounded. Five of your people are killed and nearly all hurt. Harrison is the best fighter I ever saw."

"I am sorry any of your people are hurt," Karl said. "My whole party is at your command. Lady Grange asked me to send you to her as soon as I saw you."

"Ah! Thank you!" and the nobleman put spurs to his horse and dashed back to the rear. He had not dreamed that his wagons had been attacked. When he saw the dead wretches lying about he was amazed.

Then Beatrice told him of young Karl's prowess—how he had slain five of them and his Zulu the other two. Sir Walter was astonished. He knew he was game, but that a boy should be such a terrible foe in battle puzzled him.

"Those Boers are all gamecocks," he said. "Cool and quiet all the time, and deadly shots with rifle or revolver," and he went about looking at the five men the young Boer had shot. Each man was dead—shot in a vital spot. The Zulu had made wounds equally fatal with his assegais.

"I would not like to fight against the Boers," he said, "even at the command of our Queen!"

CHAPTER XI.—Young Karl and President Kruger.

The would-be robbers paid dearly for their temerity, for over a score of them lay dead on the ground when the fight ended. Of course a number of Karl's men were killed and wounded. Karl talked with Tom Harrison, and the dead were buried there in the pass where they had fallen.

"I am not averse to having it known that Englishmen and Boers fought side by side, instead of against each other. Here's my hand, Karl Kruger. Sir Walter Grange will never draw sword against your people!" and he extended his hand to Karl, who grasped and shook it warmly.

"I am glad in my soul to hear one like you say that, sir," remarked Karl. "If your people knew us better they would ever be our friends."

That evening, while encamped on the other side of the pass, Karl paid the Uitlanders a visit in their tents. Sir Walter traveled like a prince, having a retinue of servants with him, and an ample supply of good things for the inner man. Harrison was with Karl, and the two were guests of honor. Sir Walter was a soldier, and knew how to appreciate courage in others.

"You said you were the richest boy in the transvaal," remarked Sir Walter. "Did you make your fortune yourself?"

"I found it—in diamonds. I yet own the land where myself and sister were born. She is at school in Pretoria, and I am two years older than she is. Her name is Mary, and she is good and sensible like one grown."

His simple, artless way of speaking won the hearts of all the Englishmen. Lady Grange and her daughter were charmed.

"I shall call on your sister when we get to Pretoria," said Beatrice, "if you do not object."

"I should be glad to have you meet her. You will like her and when I have told her about you she will love you."

"I hope she will," said Beatrice, and then the conversation became more general.

Karl had changed greatly in a few hours. Up to the fight in the pass he would have naught to do with the Uitlanders, barely treating them civilly. But now he was cordiality itself. When he returned to his tent he told Harrison that he and Sir Walter were great friends.

"I hated him at first," he said, "but he has sworn friendship for my people, and I like him."

The next morning they resumed the journey. Nothing of interest took place during the rest of the trip, and in due time they reached Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal Republic.

Sir Walter and his party went to a hotel. Karl drove his treasure to the bank of Pretoria, and delivered his diamonds, after which he called on Herr Kronheim, his father's old friend. The old Boer received him with open arms.

He told the old man his story of success at the diamond mines, and the old fellow said it was marvelous.

"Trenholm is in charge of the mine," he said to the old man, "and says there are millions in it. But there are thousands of miners there, who drink and kill as though it were no wrong to do so."

"Yes, yes, and there are such as want to rule our republic. Oom Paul will never let them. Some day the Uitlanders will have to go," and the old man shook his head warningly as he spoke.

Karl went to his hotel and made a change of clothes preparatory to calling at the boarding school to see Mary. It did not take him long to do that, and soon he was on the way there. Mary was surprised at seeing him, ran into his arms and kissed him. That evening Karl escorted her to the hotel to see the Granges. Her fresh young face and simple manners won the hearts of all; and Beatrice, to interest her, took her up to her room and there showed her the contents of her trunks—the many mysteries of a fashionable woman's toilet. It was a revelation to the young Boer girl. She had heard of such things before in a vague sort of way. It won her heart, and from that moment she and Beatrice Grange became friends for life.

Downstairs Sir Walter informed Karl that on his arrival in Pretoria he found letters from his government awaiting him.

"I am asked," he said, "to represent Great Britain here until certain matters are settled to the satisfaction of both countries, so you see I shall remain here for the present."

"I am glad to hear that," Karl replied, "as I am sure that you are more disposed to judge us kindly than any other whom I have met."

Karl finally escorted his sister back to her home at the boarding school, and left her there, returning to his hotel in another part of the city. The next morning as he was preparing to go out, Herr Kronheim called, much to his surprise.

"I am glad to see you, Herr Kronheim," said Karl. "I did not expect you," and he advanced and extended his hand to the old Boer.

"This is an early hour, my young friend, but the President of the Republic has sent me a request to bring you to him."

Young Karl went out and entered a carriage with the old man, and together they were driven to the residence of the President of the Transvaal Republic. It was a plain but very roomy and substantial building. They stopped in front of the house and alighted from the carriage. Herr Kronheim was a member of the council, and was admitted at once to the presence of the president. Karl had never seen Oom Paul Kruger before, and as he stood in the presence of the venerable man he removed his hat and bowed low.

"I am glad to see thee, my young friend," said the president, extending his hand to him. "Take a seat. I have asked Herr Kronheim to bring thee here that I might ask thee some questions. Herr Kronheim tells me that thy father died in defense of the Republic."

"Yes, your Excellency, so he did, and I am ready to do as he did whenever it is necessary," Karl replied.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Herr Kronheim, his old face lighting up with joy. "He is a Boer of the Boers, Oom Paul Kruger, and worthy of the name he bears!"

"I don't wish to have thee die just yet, my young friend, but do wish thy assistance for the Transvaal Republic in a matter of great secrecy."

"My life and fortune are at the service of my country," Karl said.

"Herr Kronheim tells me that thee has a diamond mine that has already made thee the richest boy in the Transvaal."

"Yes, your excellency. I have many of the precious stones in the vaults of the Bank of Pretoria."

"The council needs money to buy arms and ammunition secretly, for we greatly fear that we shall again have trouble with England. To vote the money from the treasury will be known to the world, hence we must find one who will lend us the money and keep the secret. Will thee do it?"

"With all my heart, if I have enough," was the prompt reply. "How much is needed?"

"One million dollars."

Karl saw writing material on the table before him. He seized a pen and wrote:

"The Bank of Pretoria will please pay to the President of the Transvaal Republic one million dollars on my account, if I have securities sufficient to warrant it.—Karl Kruger."

After an hour's stay Karl took leave of the president and returned to the home of Herr Kronheim. There he found Tom waiting for him. The two then returned to the hotel, where they found Nagle awaiting them.

"Ah, my young game-cock, I have been waiting for you all morning. Where shall we fight that duel?"

"Anywhere it suits you," said Karl.

"All right," returned Nagle and was going to leave when Tom approached him and caught hold of his nose with his fingers and gave it a twist.

"I'll take you on instead of Karl," Tom said.

"Very well," said Nagle. "I will send a man to make all arrangements."

Accordingly, the arrangements were all made and the principals met at the agreed upon place,

the duel was fought, with the result that Nagle was wounded, while Tom was unhurt.

The next day Karl interviewed an architect in regards to the building of a fine mansion, barns and outhouses on the Kruger estate. Plans were made and inside of a month the building of a large house, etc., was begun.

CHAPTER XII.—"It Will Keep You If You Keep It."

Weeks passed, and Tom Harrison came back with another wagon train, bringing a vast amount of diamonds from the great Boer mine. He was so vigilant and faithful that Karl was moved to show him how he appreciated him. He filled a leather pouch with the precious stones and gave it to him with:

"This is for you, Tom. Put it in the bank, and by and by you will be a rich man."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Tom. "This is a fortune in itself!"

"Yes; it will keep you if you keep it," was the reply. "Stick to me and I'll stick to you. I am going to own what you call a ranch some day, and want you to manage it, and show me how to enjoy it as you Americans do."

"Good! I'll stick to you," and Tom shook hands with him.

While in Pretoria on that trip Karl asked Tom to go with him to look at a house he thought of buying. It was the largest house in the city, the owner of which had gone to Europe. Tom saw that it was valuable property, its extensive lawns being in the future heart of the city.

"Buy it," he said, and he did through Herr Kronheim. Painters and decorators were at once put to work on it, and Karl waited patiently for its completion.

In the meantime he visited the Granges at their hotel regularly. Sir Walter, being the English representative in the Transvaal, was quite eager to cultivate the friendship of one whose wealth was sure to make him a power in the republic some day. Beatrice was cordial to him at all times, and kept up her intimacy with Mary. Karl presented her with the largest diamond his mine had produced, to her utter astonishment.

"I thank you from the depth of my heart for it," she said. "There is only one larger than this in all England, and that belongs to the queen."

"If I can find one larger than the queen's you shall have it."

She blushed, and then laughed. She did not know why, but felt happy over the admiration of the honest young Boer. When the painters had finished the Pretoria house Karl moved into it. Mary left the school, bringing her teacher with her as a private tutor. A few days later the president dined with him, in company with the entire executive council. That gave him prestige with all the Boers as well as with the rich foreign society of the capital.

A few days later, Sir Walter and his family dined with him. Beatrice remained on a week's visit with Mary. It was while she was there that Tom Harrison returned from the mines with another wagon train, bringing a vast amount

of diamonds, and to take back great stores of camp supplies. He called in the evening, dressed like a man of means and good taste. Karl and Mary both received him with as much cordiality as they would have shown the president himself.

But Beatrice, while she gave him her hand on meeting him, did not evince the same interest in him as she did in camp and on the journey to the capitol. Tom did not seem to notice it. He told many interesting stories of life in camp and at the mines, to which the two girls listened.

"I met Captain Courland there again," he said, turning to Beatrice.

She gave a start and turned pale as death.

"What was he doing here?" she asked.

"Looking for Karl Kruger."

She grew even more pale.

"Have you told Mr. Kruger?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. I told him that this morning the first thing after shaking hands with him."

"Is—he—going—back with you?"

"Perhaps."

A deathlike pallor came over her beautiful face.

"I shall ask him not to go," she finally said.

"Better let it alone," suggested Tom.

"Who is with Courland?"

"A Captain Caxton."

Beatrice caught her breath.

"A tall, dark man?" she asked.

"Yes—with a heavy black mustache."

"He is the dead shot of the army in India, and has killed over a dozen men in duels! Karl Kruger must not go!"

Just at that moment Karl entered the room. Beatrice called him to her side and began begging him not to go back to the mines to meet Courland. He was astonished.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because you may be killed!"

"Would you say that to your father when going into battle for his country?"

She did not reply.

CHAPTER XIII.—Tom and the Two Britons.

Two days later Karl, Harrison and the ever faithful Haka, mounted on fleet horses, left Pretoria for the diamond mines. The slow moving ox train was left in charge of another. They reached the mines in three days, and put up at the quarters of Trenholm, the mine superintendent.

Early the next morning Tom set out to find Courland and report the presence of Karl in the camp. He found Caxton.

"Where is Captain Courland?" he asked the noted duelist.

"Sir Walter Grange sent two men to bring him to Pretoria. They left with him last night. He left me to take his place."

"You can do that, you know. You will have to fight me!"

"With all my heart," replied the Briton. "But tell me, did Kruger beg Sir Walter to interfere and arrest Courland?"

"Why, look here, cap," he said. "Didn't you know Kruger had met him twice and pinked him each time?"

"Yes."

"Then why ask such an idiotic question as that?"

"Idiotic!" gasped the Briton.

"Yes—regularly idiotic. No sane man would have asked it."

Caxton nearly choked with rage.

"Step off your distance at once!" he hissed. "I'll have satisfaction at once."

"Never mind the paces—draw and defend yourself," and Tom slapped his face.

Caxton drew his revolver. Tom caught him by the wrist and wrenched the weapon from him. He threw it away and then proceeded to give him a tremendous thrashing. The Briton was game, but no match for the cowboy in a rough-and-tumble fight. His eyes were bunged, nose broken, and front teeth knocked in. In less than five minutes the valiant captain was a wreck. He lay on the ground and refused to get up.

"Courland brought you here to have you insult Kruger and pick a fight with him, believing your skill with the pistol would win. He had Sir Walter to interfere so as to make it plausible. It didn't work, you see. Now, if you want satisfaction for this, I'll meet you with weapons of your own choosing any day you may call for me."

A tall, lanky sort of man, in big boots and a red shirt, sung out:

"By all the grizzlies, he's a white man! The whitest man in Africa!"

"Hello, pard! Another Yank as I'm a sinner!" and Tom looked round at him and laughed.

"Bet your life I am—only I'm a Kentuckian at home!" replied the other.

Caxton had risen to his feet and gone to his tent. Tom turned to the newly made friend and asked his name.

"Jack Cousins," was the reply.

"Mine is Tom Harrison, of the Boer mine. Come over and see me," and he started to leave. A big crowd followed, cheering him as they went.

Karl was astonished when he saw the crowd at Tom's heels.

"They have come to see the fight," he said to himself.

But Tom went up to him and said:

"Courland is not here. Sir Walter sent two men for him, and he is on his way to Pretoria. Captain Caxton was waiting for me, and after some words I gave him a thrashing."

Karl laughed, saying:

"You are a bad man, Tom."

"Yes, a bad citizen. Wish I could reform, but they won't let me."

Tom went inside the superintendent's quarters, where Karl soon joined him.

"Tom, it's Beatrice Grange's work," he said to the cowboy. "She put her father up to sending for Courland."

"Great Scott! I believe you are right," and Tom looked at the young Boer with a puzzled expression on his face.

"They can't help interfering with other people," Karl remarked.

"No. He courted her once, I hear."

"Yes, I heard so, too. I broke it off by exposing him at the time I met him here. But why has she done this?"

Tom shook his head.

"I never could understand the women," he said.

"She may love him though."

"I don't believe that," and Karl shook his head.

"Caxton accused you of getting Sir Walter to send for him, and that is what brought on the fight between us," Tom added.

"Ah! we must go back and see if we can meet him in Pretoria then," Karl remarked.

The next day they were in the saddle again and on their way back to the capitol. They reached there on the third day. Karl at once sought Sir Walter and asked him if Captain Courland was in the city.

"He left here for Johannesburg yesterday. I have sent him to England with dispatches for the Government."

"Ah!" and Karl said no more.

"Do you wish to see him?" Sir Walter asked.

"Yes—very much. I am surprised at his leaving the Transvaal without seeing me once more."

"I think I have done both of you a service by sending him home," was the reply.

"You will bear me witness that I did not suggest it to you?"

"Yes, of course. Another of your people called to ask after him this morning, an elderly man who said his name was Hans Abercomb. Do you know him?"

"Yes—have known him all my life."

CHAPTER XIV.—"Because He Is A Villain."

That morning who should Karl run up against but old Abercomb. The old Boer glared at him for a few moments, as though surprised at seeing him there. Then a look of confusion came into his face as he said:

"You here, Karl?"

"Yes," Karl replied. "When did you come to Pretoria?"

"I arrived last night. I am looking for Captain Courland."

"He has gone to Johannesburg on his way back to England," Karl said to him.

"Eh, what?" and the old Boer started as if stung. "Do you know that?"

"Yes. Sir Walter himself told me so this morning."

"Then I have no need to see him. I ride fast and meet Courland at the coast. Karl, he is a villain."

"Yes, I know that, Hans. I have met him twice since I left your house, and each time fought and wounded him."

"Eh! You fought him?" and old Hans stared at him in amazement. "What for?"

"Because he is a villain."

Hans grasped his hand and shook it in silence. Karl did not utter a word and the old man turned away and left without speaking. During the rest of that day Karl was moody and silent. He sat in his room and looked over papers that had been sent to him from the bank. Ten days passed and he heard that the old man had passed through Pretoria on his way back home.

When he returned home Mary met him at the door, and said:

"Beatrice was here. She wanted to see you. They have just heard at Sir Walter's that Cap-

tain Courland has been killed near Delgoa in a duel."

"Is that a fact?"

"Do you know anything about it?" Mary asked him.

"No, but I believe I know who did it," he replied.

"Who did it?"

"Hans Abercomb."

Mary gave a start. Mary had all a woman's curiosity, so she ordered her carriage and drove straight to the British Legation to tell Beatrice what Karl had said. Sir Walter soon heard of it and called on Carl at his home to inquire about it.

Karl told him all he knew about it, saving the name of Jessica Abercomb. Karl remained a little while after that, and Mary remained during the evening a guest of Beatrice. On reaching home he found Tom Harrison there. He had come in alone from the mine to report the finding of a new lead in diamond yielding earth.

The next day Karl and Tom set out for the diamond mines, leaving Mary in charge of her teacher, who was now one of the household. Being mounted on fleet horses, they were not long on the way. Thousands of miners had gone there since his last visit. They were everywhere digging deep down into the bowels of the earth. He found his superintendent faithful and vigilant, and glad to see him.

Time passed and Karl Kruger still remained in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, the trusted friend of the old president of the Republic. The architect whom he had sent out to his old home to build him a great barn, with barns and cottages around it, reported his work done. It had cost an immense sum, and a large force of men were kept at work on it day and night. A road all the way out from the capital had been graded at his expense, and bridges built over streams that could not be forded in the rainy season.

A ship load of furniture had come from Europe, and was transported by wagon, and arranged in every room under the eye of one of the best housekeepers that could be procured. When all that was done Karl resolved to go out and see it. Accordingly he ordered carriages and fast horses to convey a party of a dozen friends with him out there. Among the guests were Herr Kronheim and the good wife of Oom Paul, the beloved president of the republic. Beatrice Grange and another young lady accompanied Mary as her special guests. All the servants had been sent out before the party started.

It was a pleasure party in the fullest sense of the term, and so fast did they travel that a day and a half brought them to their destination over the graded road.

What a grand house it was! It was really a palace, and all the Boers for miles around had come to see it many times as it was being built. That evening was one Mary Kruger never forgot. She was mistress of the largest and finest house in the Transvaal, and the first lady of the republic was her guest. Madame Kruger had a magnificent suite of rooms for her use, and trained servants to wait on her. Mary's room was a grand one. Beatrice said hers was finer than any she ever saw in England.

Hans Abercomb came with his family. He

lived but two miles away. Mary received Jessica with her old time girlish cordiality, and introduced her to her guests. Karl saw her among them, beautiful as ever, but pale and quiet. As last she asked for him and he came forward and bowed low to her. She smiled, advanced with her hand extended, and said:

"I am glad to see you back again, and must congratulate you on your good fortune."

"Thank you," he said, bowing low again. "I am glad to be at home again, on the spot where I was born. I shall live and die here in the land of my birth."

When Jessica reached home she said to her mother:

"I will not go there again unless asked to do so by Karl himself."

"Why not?" her mother asked.

"He is the master, and the invitation must come from him."

"But Mary is the mistress," suggested Dame Abercomb. "She is the one to invite people and not Carl."

Jessica made no reply.

Days and weeks passed and then Oom Paul and all his council came out to pay Karl a visit. Karl invited all his neighbors to come and see them—and they came. Jessica was among them and during the day Karl met her face to face, bowed, and said he hoped she was enjoying herself.

"I am doing very well," she replied, "but this is the last time I shall ever come here unless you visit me."

"Pardon me, but surely you did not expect me to leave my house full of guests and go visiting?"

"No, but old friends should not be forgotten entirely."

"No. They are not forgotten, and never will be. I am not one to forget easily. Your parents were kind to me and mine, and I shall never forget them."

At last Karl rode over to see old Hans and his good wife. He did not ask for Jessica, but she came forward and gave him her hand. He shook it in his grave way, but did not offer to converse with her save in a general way.

"Are you going to raise cattle as your father did?" Hans asked.

"Yes, in many thousands. I love the life."

"Well, you'll need a wife some day, Karl," remarked Dame Abercomb.

"I may when I am older," he replied, "if I ever meet a woman whom I could love. I loved once, but my love was laughed at."

Jessica turned deathly pale and left the room. Her parents did not notice the pallor of her face, but Karl did. When she regained her room she dropped into a chair, muttering to herself:

"He means me, and he has built that house for revenge. It is terrible," and she glared around at the plain furnishings of her room with a look of desperation.

She did not appear again until after Karl left, for which her mother chided her. But she said nothing to betray herself, and deep down in her soul she found many things to blame herself for.

The next day Karl escorted Beatrice over to old Hans' place and Tom Harrison had charge of Mary, whom he was dead in love with. Before

Tom was there a week he and Mary were engaged, to be married a month hence.

One week before the wedding Karl rode over to the Abercomb place with Mary and Beatrice. While there two men rode up on horseback and dismounted in front of the house.

One was Nagle, the other Karl did not know. But he was introduced as Squire Courland, a brother of Captain Courland. By their actions Karl saw that there was trouble coming for Hans.

As soon as Hans was introduced Courland drew a revolver. But Karl was too quick for him and drew his revolver and fired before Courland could shoot Hans. Courland received the bullet in his pistol arm, which put that member out of commission. But his pistol fell from his hand and as it struck the ground it exploded and sent a bullet into Nagle's leg. Therefore both villains were placed hors de combat.

Then Mary suddenly cried:

"There comes Tom at full speed!"

CHAPTER XV.—Karl and Sir Walter Again.

Harrison dashed up to them at full speed. They stopped still ere he got to them.

"There is a messenger from the president at the house to see you, Karl!" he said as he reined up. "He says it's important that he must see you at once and return to Pretoria."

"I was afraid something had happened," Karl replied. "Shall we ride fast?" and he turned to Beatrice at his side.

"Yes—as fast as you please," she answered. They set off in a run. Karl could have left them behind, as he was mounted on a fleet steed. But he kept alongside of Beatrice all the way.

Tom dismounted at the gate and assisted Beatrice to the ground and then Mary. Karl followed and turned to the messenger, who was waiting for him by the side of his foaming steed, and asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"A note for you from the president," was the reply.

Karl took the note and read it. Then he turned to Mary, and said:

"I must go to Pretoria at once."

"Oh, dear! What has happened?" Mary exclaimed.

"I don't know. Oom Paul has sent for me—begging me to come quickly."

Half an hour later he was on his way to Pretoria, accompanied by Haka and the messenger. He traveled all night, the full moon enabling him to do so. In twenty hours he reached the capital, to the astonishment of the president and Herr Kronheim.

"I rode all night, as I thought I had no right to sleep when my country called me," returned Karl.

"Ah! You shall command a regiment when you are twenty-one! If war comes before then you shall have one anyhow."

"Are you looking for war?"

"I am trying to avert it. To-morrow, in council, we are to make reply to a demand made by England. We shall refuse the demand and vote bonds for defense. We have a score of men who

say they will take each \$50,000. We want you to be among them. We want the bonds taken promptly in order to show that our people mean what they say."

"How much do you want me to take?" Karl asked.

"Each of the twenty has taken \$50,000. You can take as much as you please."

"Put me down for \$1,000,000."

"Good! You are the financial pillar of the Republic!" and Oom Paul laid a hand on his shoulder. "We have the arms for which you paid."

He wrote the check and then left to go to his town house, which was kept open by a housekeeper, where he bathed and went to bed. The next day he called on Sir Walter, who was very much surprised at seeing him.

"I called to assure you that your daughter was well and happy," Karl said to him as they shook hands.

"Why did she not send a letter by you?" Sir Walter asked.

"Because I was called away very suddenly—on a few minutes' notice."

"I thank you for the calling. I fear she is imposing on your hospitality."

"On the contrary, Mary declares she shall never leave us if she can help it in any way. Mary is to be married next week, and would like to have you and Lady Grange present at the ceremony."

"By the way, Sir Walter, did Captain Courland have a brother in England?"

"Yes, a very wealthy landed gentleman."

"Do you know that he is in Africa?"

"No."

"Well, he is. He came out to avenge the captain's death, and now lies wounded two miles from Kruger House."

"Who wounded him?"

"I did. He was going to kill Hans Abercomb when I shot him, breaking his pistol arm. Nagle, the captain's companion when here, is with him, also wounded."

"I am very sorry it has happened," said Sir Walter, shaking his head. "He will appeal to the Home Government for protection."

"Yes, no doubt. But all your government can do is to demand a fair trial, and that he is entitled to."

"You know matters are rather strained already between England and the Transvaal."

"Yes, so I have heard. All the power of your great empire can't move us from what we believe is right. It would be better for you to say to both Courland and Nagle, that as they came here to do murder in violation of the law of the land, they must abide consequences. To make it a subject of national quarrel would do more harm than good at this time."

Karl remained in Pretoria until after the meeting of the council. That august body refused the British demand and at once issued defense bonds. Among all those who had responded to the loan was the name of Karl Kruger as the heaviest bidder—\$1,000,000. It also leaked out that he had bought twenty thousand rifles the year before, giving Oom Paul the money for that purpose. The Boers in Pretoria were jubilant. They called on Karl in hundreds to shake his hand.

His father had fought with them in the last war, and they were proud to meet him. Sir Walter, the English agent, was astonished at the sudden prominence of his young friend among the councils of the Boers.

The next day Courland and Nagle were brought in and placed in a hospital under guard. Courland at once sent for Sir Walter, who called on him and heard his appeal for protection.

"I can only demand a fair trial for you," Sir Walter said to him.

Karl made a charge against both of them as a witness, and gave the names of Mary, Beatrice, Jessica and Dame Abercomb as corroborating witnesses. That done, he called on Sir Walter and asked him to go out with him to the wedding. He could not leave his official duties long enough to do so, but sent a handsome present to the bride, together with congratulations. Karl then left the capital to return home, accompanied by Haka, the ever faithful Zulu. He reached home late the next day, and met with a joyful reception.

"Did you see father?" Beatrice asked him.

"Yes, and he sent a kiss to you. Shall I give it to you?"

"Did he kiss you?"

"No," and he laughed.

"Then I'll take it as he sent it," she laughed. "But why in the world didn't he come out with you?"

"I begged him to do so, but he said his official duties would not permit him to do so."

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

The day of the wedding came, and with it hundreds of Boer families from every point of the compass. The venerable pastor of the little Boer church four miles from Kruger House was on hand to perform the ceremony. Tom had talked with him, and quite won his heart, for he was a hater of Englishmen. When the time came the bride and the bridesmaids appeared in a little room that opened into the great hall. How beautiful they all looked!

Jessica was the loveliest of all, so far as mere physical beauty was concerned, and she knew it. She and Beatrice were to precede the bride in a march to the little temporary altar, bearing flowers and orange wreaths. Karl was to follow with Mary leaning on his arm; Miss Sedley and another girl were to bring up the rear.

When they reached the altar Jessica and Beatrice separated, and Karl led Mary up and handed her over to Tom. In a few brief moments the words were spoken that united them for life. They then turned and faced all their friends to receive their congratulations.

While that was going on Karl stepped over to the side of Beatrice, took her hand in his, and whispered in her ear:

"I love you as my own soul. Will you be my wife and marry me now and here?"

She turned pale, then red, and trembled from head to feet.

"I have tried to resist the impulse, but have failed," he said, in a still, low voice. "Be mine and I'll make you the best husband in the world."

"Yes," she said.

Karl stepped over to the minister's side and told him he wanted to be wedded to Beatrice Grange—pointing her out to him. Jessica saw him, but did not suspect what was up. He went to her side and spoke to her. She braced up, took his arm, and waited.

The pastor said:

"Friends, be quiet, please. We are to have another wedding."

The voice of the venerable man was heard by everyone in the hall, and an instant hush fell upon them.

"Oh, my!" cried Mary. "Brother and Beatrice!"

Jessica seemed turned to marble as she looked on. Then she gave a shriek and fell to the floor in a death-like swoon.

"What does it mean?" Beatrice asked Karl in the excitement of the moment.

"She is overcome by excitement or heat," he replied.

Jessica was borne out of the great hall, the throng giving way for those bearing her unconscious form.

Quiet was restored after a few minutes, and then Mary and Tom stood as bridesmaid and best man for Karl and Beatrice, who were soon pronounced man and wife. Then came a flood of congratulations. Many told it that Karl proposed and was married inside of ten minutes. The Boers were puzzled. They were astonished, in fact. He had married the daughter of the British agent whom they looked upon as an enemy of their country.

But two happier couples were never seen in the Transvaal. They passed freely among the guests, joined in the dances, and made themselves agreeable to everybody.

Jessica was taken home by her parents, and the old family physician sent for. She was ill for a month. Her mother refused to let anyone from Kruger House see her, and old Hans never again spoke to Karl. He could not shake off the impression that the young Boer had not only trifled with her, but had planned the whole business as it happened.

An hour after the double wedding Karl wrote a letter to Sir Walter, in which he said:

"You are the father of my wife, and as such I salute you and implore your blessing."

That was all. Beatrice wrote underneath.

"I was married to Karl in ten minutes after he proposed to-day, and am happy."

This was sealed and addressed, placed in the hands of a messenger and sent off on a fleet steed to Pretoria.

Sir Walter was dumfounded when he read it.

But the fact that Karl was the richest boy in the Transvaal reconciled him to the match. His wife immediately set out to see her. She gave them her blessing and remained a month at the Kruger House.

Beatrice is now the mother of three little boys, and Mary of two boys and a girl. They all live at Kruger House, which is now in easy distance of the capital since a railroad has been built by the richest boy in the Transvaal.

Next week's issue will contain "THE PHANTOM FIREMAN; or, THE MYSTERY OF MARK HOWLAND'S LIFE."

SCIENCE IN SHOESHINES

A Paris bootblack now uses a palette when shining women's shoes. The Parisian women's shoes vary so much in color that he found it often difficult to get the right hue of cream to match. So on his palette he puts a number of different creams and combines them in varying proportions according to the tone of the shoes with which he has to deal.

CARRIED BOOZE IN CORSET

The police in making an arrest in Pine Bluff, Mo., discovered the newest thing in bootlegging equipment in the form of a copper corset, worn by the accused man. It was in two sections and was laced in the back.

Hollow in the front it narrowed toward the back. It was fitted at the top with a screw cap and at the bottom small petcocks were fashioned

to draw off the liquor. Some moonshine whisky was in the corset when it was removed in jail.

DUCKS USE WINGS TO SWIM UNDER WATER

Do ducks use their wings while swimming under water? The question is discussed frequently among sportmen and nature students, and opinions sometimes differ. Testimony of reliable authorities, says Popular Mechanics, supports the belief that various species of ducks and grebes, loons and other diving birds do not use their wings when swimming beneath the surface for food or in trying to escape capture. A ruddy duck was observed on Lake Michigan not long ago, feeding in fifteen or twenty feet of clear water. As it got well started on its downward plunge, the wings, about two-thirds, extended, were used in quick short strokes, at the rate of about one a second to assist in propelling it and in rising to the top as well.

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This magazine also contains a free department conducted by Louise Rice and called

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SHORT ARTICLES

The rest of the magazine is filled with items of interest on all sorts of queer subjects.

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THE BOY BEHIND THE BAR

— Or, —

The Terrible Stories He Told

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"Well, on Friday night I was sent into the rear room with two glasses of beer for some one who had called for them, and who should they be but Tom and Bertie."

"What?" his mother asked.

"Yes; they both greeted me cheerfully. Bertie, though, seemed to be just a little bit embarrassed. I set the glasses down before them, and Bertie remarked: 'Jack, I didn't know you were employed here.' I told them that I had been there for a week, as I couldn't find anything else to do."

"Then Tom asked me how I liked it. I told him that it was pretty steady work, long hours, but the pay was certain. Then I left them and returned behind the bar. Ten minutes later they called for more beer, and I went in and found two more fellows there. Before they left Tom and Bertie had taken three drinks of beer each."

"Oh, dear," said his mother.

"You would be surprised to know of others that come in there. They don't seem to think that there is any harm in it, for the people in the main saloon never see them, and barkeepers, like doctors, have to keep their mouths shut about their patrons; so don't you tell anybody what I told you, for if it would get out I would be discharged."

"Well, Bertie's mother certainly ought to know it."

"Yes, but I don't believe it would do any good. Bertie is at least twenty years old and has a will of his own. Other boys do the same thing. They think it is no harm to take a glass of beer, for their parents frequently drink beer in their own homes."

"Don't some of them take too much sometimes?"

"Mother, I believe that all drinking people sometimes take a drink or two too much. At my place at the cigar stand it does not give me much of a chance to see those who go into the back room. It is only when the barkeeper is too busy to wait on them himself that I am sent in there and, of course I have no time to stop and watch them. What condition some are in when they go out I do not know. Some can drink a great deal more than others. On Wednesday night a married woman, whom you know, and I do, too, came in with her husband, and they stayed there for an hour with several other people. They must have taken seven or eight drinks during that time, and as far as I could see, it did not affect them in the least."

"Jack, who in the world was she?"

"Mother, I won't tell you. Not that you would

say anything about it, but you would have a bad opinion of the woman you now think well of."

She remained silent and asked him no more questions about it, but advised him to be on the lookout all the time to get a position somewhere else.

"It's no place for you, Jack," she said.

"Mother, don't worry about me. What I see and hear won't hurt me. I'd cut my right hand off at the wrist before I'd touch a drop of liquor or beer. In the first place, I have vowed not to do it, and in the second place, Mr. Hutchings would discharge me if I should do so and he found it out. He told me the first day I went to work for him that he would not allow any of his employees to drink; yet I see that men come in and ask the barkeeper to drink with them. He always drinks from one bottle which he keeps concealed under the bar. It is of a reddish color, and one day I asked him how it was that Mr. Hutchings told me that he would not allow any of us to drink. The barkeeper chuckled, took out the bottle, poured a little of its contents in a glass and offered it to me, saying: 'Taste that.' I refused, and he chuckled again, and said: 'It's nothing but molasses and water.' I didn't believe it. He took out another bottle that was full of molasses, and he told me that he made a fresh bottle of it every morning, as it would sour if kept standing too long. I laughed, and he remarked: 'Why, if I took whisky every time I am invited to drink with a customer, I'd be dead drunk before sunset every day. It helps business, you know, to accept the invitation to drink, for they pay ten cents for my drink of molasses and water.' Sometimes he takes seltzer water, and only charges five cents a drink for it."

"Well! Well! Well! What tricks men resort to."

"I should say so," laughed Jack. "I see and hear things there sometimes that would make a horse laugh; yet the performers seem to be as serious as an undertaker. They don't see anything queer in what they do, particularly about their drinking."

Jack McCauley's revelation to his mother of things he saw and heard in the saloon, gave her a decided shock.

She was extremely anxious for him to find a situation elsewhere, but it seemed impossible for him to do so. Besides, the money question was the paramount one with her at that time.

His position brought him a regular income of five dollars a week, which paid all the table expenses of the little family.

Jack, however, kept his eyes and ears open.

He dared not ask any of the patrons of the saloon about getting a position elsewhere, for Hutchings and the barkeeper were always around.

He frequently heard men complain of dull times, and of how they had to cut down expenses in their places by discharging some of their employees, hence he could not think for a moment of quitting the place, but nearly every day he saw and heard things that almost tempted him to deliberately put his hat on and walk out.

Not that he was interfered with in any way himself, but from a conscientious fear that he was in some way responsible for what was going on.

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

VOLCANOES ON THE RAMPAGE

Kilouca's renewal of activity continues. There were four violent earthquakes in the region near the volcano recently at four-hour intervals, and the emission of steam, notable for several days, still goes on. The fall of sections of the crater's lip into the depths below has ceased again, however.

The eruption of Vesuvius is increasing in intensity. Two new craters have opened, says a bulletin issued by the Vesuvian observatory, and all three craters are emitting lava cinders and ashes, while heavy rumblings are heard inside.

The authorities having prohibited climbing the volcano for fear of casualties, the tourists here, especially Americans, are assembling in crowds at night at the nearby points of Santa Lucia and Vomero to witness the spectacle.

TRAINING SAILORS' ORPHANS TO BE FARMERS

Twenty-five British boys, of an average age of 15½, have just sailed for New Zealand to be trained as farmers. They are the first batch to be sent out under a scheme inaugurated by New Zealand sheep owners to show their gratitude to the men of the British navy and Mercantile Marine for their services during the war.

A fund of \$1,000,000 has been subscribed by sheep owners of the Dominion, and it is proposed so long as the money lasts, to train each year about 200 sons of killed and disabled sailors on a large farm, to look after their welfare, and provide them with wages during the period of training, and, where desirable, to start them in life with farms at a low rate of interest.

The chairman of the trustees of this admirable scheme, the Hon. Edward Newman, C. M. G., is at present in England. He emigrated to New Zealand about forty years ago and has large farming interests in the Dominion. He told a *Daily Mail* reporter that the boys are carefully selected in England, are given a complete outfit, and their passages are jointly paid by the trustees and the British and New Zealand governments. On arrival they are sent for six months to the trustees' training farm, Flock House, which has accommodation for 100 boys and covers 5,000 or 6,000 acres of land. Every kind of farming will be taught them, and afterward they will be indentured for several years to responsible farmers.

The aim of the trustees is to make the boys loyal, useful citizens, and everything will be done to give them a thorough chance to make good.

FISH COURT CAPTURE

Down in Venezuela, near the port of Carupano, fish are coming out of the sea to greet the fishermen on the beach. Vive-Consul Amado Chaves has vouched for the story to the Department of Commerce. He said: "One has but to take his choice as to the kind of fish he wants. Millions

of them came 'scampering' from the water, eager to be captured—quite the reverse of what the disciples of Izak Walton might expect."

It seems that each year there is a disturbance of the sea in this tropical vicinity, a condition referred to locally as the "turbic" or turbulent waters. During the progress of this phenomenon the water assumes a dark color and gives off a disagreeable sulphuric odor. At times this condition extends out as far as the Santa Margarita Islands and is said to do considerable damage to the pearl oyster beds there. In this period silver objects tarnish quickly and take on the appearance of having been in a fire. The health of the people along the coast at this time is unusually good.

Simultaneously with the "tubic" occurs what is known as the "ribazon," the sea for about a mile out from shore being stirred up by myriads of fish that make no effort to escape capture. Seabirds, gulls and pelicans gather for the feast in such numbers that at times it is difficult to see the horizon, and they sometimes even interfere with navigation. Many fish run up on the beach, as if desperate, and, despite the immense quantities of fish eaten by the birds and gathered by the natives, the number that die on the shore is so great that on numerous occasions the civil authorities have found it necessary to dig trenches in which to bury the fish along the beach.

The fish most commonly affected are the sardine and anchovy, although at times even sharks have been known to rush up on the beach.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

A duolateral or Giblen-Remler coil is preferable to an untapped bank wound coil. It is more efficient and affords a greater economy in space.

Some circuits utilize a secondary coupling coil that is placed in inductive relation to the plate variometer. This coil should be wound in the same direction as the windings on the plate variometer.

BREAKS MAKE SET NOISY

Crackling in the phones may be caused by a broken phone cord. After the phones have been used for some time the fine braided wire in the cord gets broken in spots. The test for this is to shake the cord. If the noises continue with the shaking get a new phone cord.

TRAP DESIGNS

During the last two years many designs for wave traps have been published and as a result the novice is in doubt as to which is best suited for his receiver. The first type of wave trap that received popular approval consisted of a coil and a variable condenser in shunt with each other and in series with the lateral circuit of the receiver. When a trap of this type is tuned to the wave length of an interfering station it will trap out the waves from that station, but as the efficiency of the device is rather low it also will tend to reduce the signal strength of other stations operating on wave length near those to which the trap is tuned. To overcome this objectionable feature an inductively coupled wave trap was developed and when a trap of this type is properly designed it will be found very selective.

The coil in the wave trap consists of fifty turns of No. 2 D. C. C. wire on a three-inch tube and after the coil has been wound two terminals should be taken out and then several layers of ordinary paper should be wound over it. Another coil is wound directly over it, and consists of eight turns of No. 18 D. C. C. wire. This coil must be wound in the same direction as the first coil, and taps should be taken off on the first, third, fifth and eighth turns.

The variable condenser that is connected in shunt with the first coil is an ordinary 23 plate condenser, and with this apparatus the trap will tune from about 150 to 550 meters. If a 43 plate condenser is used instead of the 23 plate the trap will tune higher and it then will be possible to cut out the interference from ship stations.

In mounting the trap it would be wise to place it on a panel about six inches wide by seven inches high. The variable condenser and the inductance switch should be mounted on the front of the panel and the coil should be placed behind the condenser in a position that is at right angles to all coils in the receiving set.

RADIO ANNOUNCERS

In the broadcasting branch of radio a new vocation has developed, that of the radio announcer.

To be a successful announcer something more than a pleasing voice and clear enunciation is required. The idea announced is a musician with a knowledge of composers and their work; he should be a linguist familiar with English, Italian and German; he should be able in an emergency to make an announcement in English without confusion and free from grammatical errors. He must be tactful in receiving artists and instructing them in proper position before the microphone.

Singers and speakers accustomed to public appearance very often develop microphone fright, not because the studio surroundings are overpowering but because they miss the stimulating presence of an audience.

The announcer's duties are not limited to his appearance before the microphone. At WGY, the station of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, rehearsals are conducted by one of the group of six announcers. By means of the try-outs, poor singers are saved the embarrassment of failure before the microphone. The rehearsal also serves to demonstrate that certain voices have not the quality for radio transmission.

Sometimes the finished and successful singer is found to have a voice unsuited for radio transmission and, on the other hand, a singer whose voice is too weak for public hall or theatre sometimes possesses quality and tone which win instantaneous popularity with the radio audience.

Four of the six announcers at WGY are vocal soloists, and may, in the event of an emergency, such as the failure of the scheduled artists to arrive, step before the microphone and give a creditable performance.

Kolin Mager, the chief announcer, has been associated with WGY since the station opened. He is a trained musician, linguist and public speaker. When a boy he was a soprano soloist in an Albany church.

Carl Jester is a tenor with a thorough musical education, and for the past year he had directed the WGY Light Opera Company in its various appearances. Asa O. Coggeshall, also a tenor, a third announcer, is director of a boy choir in an Amsterdam, N. Y., church.

William Fay, the last to join the announcer force at WGY, is a baritone and his voice has brought him many fan letters. The other announcers at Schenectady station are: "Robert Weidaw, who gives much of his time to the executive work of the studio, and Edward H. Smith, who is director and leading man of the players and assists in planning feature programs such as Uncle Josh's golden wedding, and minstrel shows. An entire evening's program may be put on by the announcers without the aid of outside talent.

THREE STEPS OF AUDIO FREQUENCY

Audio frequency amplification, one of the greatest factors in making radio reception so

popular, has now reached the stage where three steps of amplification can be used without hopelessly distorting the signals. This is due to the great improvement in the last year in the construction of audio frequency transformers.

Without audio frequency amplification the satisfaction and convenience of the loud speaker would be unknown and a receiving set would have to be equipped with a headset for every member of the family. In fact, no set is considered complete nowadays without two or three steps of audio amplification and some type of loud speaker.

Most up to date receiving sets have the audio amplifying apparatus built into the same cabinet with the tuning apparatus. A very convenient way, is to use a separate audio frequency amplifying unit either built into a cabinet or on a panel. This can be attached to whatever type of receiver you are using, whether it be a crystal set, single tube regenerative, Reinartz, Flewelling, Ultra Audion, etc., and thus produce results equal to the more elaborate and expensive sets with self-contained amplifiers. The ideal arrangement is to have separate jacks for each stage, which enables the operator to employ just enough amplification to get the necessary volume.

As a radio engineer who has designed numerous sets and experiments with practically every type of receiver in existence, the advice of W. G. Farr of Chicago, regarding the construction of a three stage amplifier will be found of real value. Mr. Farr states:

"A three stage amplifier amplifying the output of a crystal set or non-regenerative single tube set to full loud speaker volume. A two stage amplifier will be amply sufficient for any type of single tube regenerative set. The amplifier unit can be operated from the same 'A' batteries as the receiving set, provided, of course, that tubes are used which operate on the same voltage. However, the amplifying circuit requires a number of higher plate voltage than a detector circuit, which will necessitate the use of additional 'B' batteries.

"When the amplifier is built as a separate unit, the phone terminals of the receiving set are connected directly to the input terminals (P and B) of the audio amplifier. A very convenient method is to equip the input of the amplifier with a cord and plug by means of which it can be plugged into the phone jack of the receiver in place of the head phones.

"When adding audio amplification to any type of regenerative set it is advisable to connect a fixed condenser of .001 MFD capacity across the primary terminals of the first transformer. This acts as a by-pass for the radio frequency currents flowing in the plate circuit and thus assists the regenerative action of the tube.

"Use a separate jack on each stage. This permits the use of more or less amplification as desired. If for any reason these jacks are not used, connect the 'P' terminal to the socket direct to the 'P' terminal of the transformer and the 'B' terminal of the transformer direct to the positive side of the 'B' battery. A separate rheostat used for each tube, but if the tubes are well matched just as satisfactory results can be obtained if the tubes are all controlled by one rheostat. The only precaution necessary is to use a

rheostat with sufficient current carrying capacity to carry all the tubes without heating.

"The most satisfactory tubes for use in audio frequency amplification are UV-201-A, C1301-A, and Western Electric 216-A. UV-199 or C-299 tubes can also be used, but will not be found as satisfactory. They will not stand as high a plate voltage and will not produce as great a volume as the larger tubes. The plate voltage applied to an audio amplifier may be from 45 to 150 volts, but ordinarily 90 volts will be found sufficient. Of course a higher degree of amplification is obtained by using high plate voltage, but at a sacrifice of quality. A plate voltage of over 90 volts will necessitate the use of a 'C' battery.

"When a 'C' battery is used it is connected in the common grid return lead of all the tubes, paying particular attention that the polarity is correct. Unless the amplifier is being worked up to full capacity, the 'C' battery will make little difference in the quality of the signal. Its chief advantage lies in the fact that it causes a material reduction in the plate current and thus lengthens the life of the 'B' batteries. For a plate voltage of 90 volts, a six volt 'C' battery will be required. As no current is consumed from the 'C' battery, small flashlight cells will have ample capacity.

"One of the most important considerations in building an audio amplifier is to use transformers of the highest quality. An audio frequency transformer is called upon to reproduce sounds of frequencies ranging from about 100 per second up to the upper limit of audibility, which may be 10,000 to 20,000 per second. If all these frequencies are not equally amplified the result is either a loss of tone quality or an actual distortion of the voice or musical sounds. This becomes more noticeable as the number of stages is increased, and the practical working limits is three stages. In order for the original sounds to be correctly reproduced it is necessary for the fluctuation in magnetic strength of the core to follow with perfect fidelity the form of the sound waves which are being amplified. Thus it can readily be seen that the efficiency of an audio transformer is very largely dependent upon the proper core design.

"One of the most frequent sources of trouble in audio amplification circuits and particularly in three stage circuits is magnetic interaction between the cores of the transformers, which manifests itself in the production of howls and in distortion of signals. To reduce this effect to a minimum it has been the custom in the past to place the transformers with their cores at right angles to each other. Due to the improved design of some transformers this precaution is entirely unnecessary, as they are provided with a perfect magnetic shield in the form of a heavy steel shell.

"The best amplifying results will be obtained by the use of a transformer having a ratio of 6 to 1 in the first stage and a ratio of 3½ to 1 in the following stages.

"In any audio amplifier the most perfect reproduction will be obtained when the tubes are not being forced to their maximum. It is far better to get good tone quality with moderate volume than to sacrifice quality to gain intensity."

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

TIDE MOVES GREAT BRIDGE

Resting on five pontoons, a 300-ton railway bridge that spanned the waterway between Oakland and Alameda, Cal., was lifted from its position with the help of a rising tide and by pumping the water from the floats upon which it rested. Trains were operated over the span up to seven hours before it was moved.

STEAM TO KILL WEEDS

Steam from locomotive boilers is being used by a Southern railroad to kill weeds along the right of way. The steam is superheated by passing it through an oil furnace carried on a special car, and it is then delivered to the right of way through perforated pipes, so arranged that they may be raised or lowered. It hits the weeds at a temperature of from 700 to 900 degrees and at a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. Four trips a season will keep down a dense growth of weeds.

FOUR-FOOTED DUCK IS SOLD AT AUCTION

A spirited auction took place in the butcher shop of Abram Goldberg at No. 22 Ludlow street, New York, recently, when the famous four-footed duck was sold to the highest bidder.

In the midst of the Friday pre-Sabbath bustle Goldberg's kosher shop Rabbi Zedig decided that the four-legged duck was not kosher, and hence could not be eaten.

Mr. Goldberg had thought of donating the remains to the American Museum of Natural History, but, being a business man, he decided to sell the duck to the highest bidder.

The freak was finally awarded to Alexander Fischer for \$60. Mr. Fischer will have the duck stuffed and will place it in the window of his restaurant.

USE CATS AS CROW DECOYS

The great devastation caused by crows in the State of Nebraska has led to organized efforts to get rid of the crow pests. One of the latest developments is the use of cats as decoys.

The usual method employed is to place the

cat in a bird cage and then hang the cage up in a tree where crows have nested in other years. When the crows discover the presence of the cat they flock by the hundreds and seek to destroy their imprisoned enemy. Protected by the bars of the cage, the cat is safe enough, and while the cat-baiting is on by the crows the hunters assemble and get in their deadly work.

The hunters say that the shooting does not scare the crows away. If they have any theory about the shooting, it is that it is some new device of their ancient enemy and they redouble their efforts to get at the animals. The cats are not in the least injured by being used as decoys, but after one or two hunts they grow nervous and are easily frightened by the appearance of any kind of a bird.

The most discouraging feature of it from the hunters' standpoint is that in most cases, after the cat is released, it leaves the country in very short order. This has naturally resulted in a famine in cats. There is some talk among the hunters of importing some old maids and thus augmenting the domestic cat supply. Being a cattle country, there are very few unmarried women in the county, and this in turn makes the number of available cats small.

LAUGHS

Lawyer—Don't you think I acquitted myself well in that trial? Friend—Very well. It is a pity you didn't do as much for your client.

"Then you don't want no cranberries?" "No; I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries." "That's all right, mum. I don't mind waking the cat up."

Mrs. Hardhead—I can always tell what kind of a wife a man has by his views on the woman question. Stranger—I have all sorts of views. Mrs. Hardhead—Then you are a Chicago man.

Friend—Why did you give your wife a pearl necklace for a birthday present? Don't you know pearls are the signs of tears? Husband (significantly)—In this case they were the result of them.

"If you stand with your back to the south, what have you on your left hand?" asked the teacher during the geography lesson. The small boy thought, considered his hands and gave the right answer. "Fingers, sir," he replied.

Mrs. Chubb (with newspaper)—I see several persons are petitioning to have their names changed. What does it cost to have a name changed? Mr. Chubb—It cost me a couple of hundred dollars to have your name changed to mine.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stock broker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" inquired her father. "Why he's ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations. 'Young woman,' said the financier, sternly, 'don't let him deceive you. There ain't no such stock on the market.'"

BRIEF BUT POINTED

THE BIBLE REMAINS

The Bible has endured hundreds of years of criticism by men who were proud of their own superficial knowledge. But these are forgotten, while the truths of the Bible are more regarded than ever. Critics may find fault with the stories in the Bible, but at the same time the people will believe in the Bible as the highest authority and there is nothing to replace it. Nothing since the Bible was written has lived to counsel the people and show them the way to right living. It can be pointed out to these shallow skeptics that the nations which have grown up with the Bible have the highest place in humanity. They are farther advanced than the men and women who do not follow the Bible and reverence its teachings. Today, in every way that relates to religious and moral character, the Bible is the truest authority.

FINDS UNKNOWN RIVER IN ALASKA

The story of an explorer's life in the Northern Alaskan wilderness and the discovery of uncharted streams is contained in a letter brought back to civilization by an Eskimo from the Geological Survey party headed by Dr. Philip S. Smith and made public by the Interior Department. The expedition is exploring Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4.

The letter, written March 20, states that in exploring the Colville River Dr. Smith found a river about 200 yards wide, which flows westward and then turns northward. The party plans to continue the river explorations, but they must reach the coast in time to catch the last ship out of the Arctic Ocean before the September freeze.

The party has established a base camp at the head of the Unakserak River, about ten miles from the Divide, between the Unakserak and Colville Rivers, at latitude 67:45:30, at an altitude of 2,200 feet. On this Divide, the party has discovered groves of willow trees as thick as a man's wrist, which they are using for fuel.

The supporting party of seven men and 120 dogs turned back on March 16, and the main expedition was proceeding with three sleds and thirty-three dogs. The sleds soon will be abandoned, and the journey continued in canoes.

The letter was written by Dr. J. B. Mertie, Jr.

MOUNT LOGAN ASCENT TO BE TRIED
THIS SUMMER

The challenge flung at mountaineers by Mount Logan, the Yukon Territory peak, which has been termed the "Everest of America" for centuries, is to be taken up by a party of internationally known Alpinists, who will attempt the ascent of the hitherto inaccessible mountain some time during the summer. A. H. McCarthy of New York is here on the way to the Yukon to look over the mountain and plan for the climb.

Mount Logan is 19,850 feet high, and is the second highest peak in America. Although not as high as Mount Everest, the world's loftiest

mountain, Mount Logan is almost as unconquerable. Mammoth glaciers, fields of ice, scarred with treacherous crevasses, confront the climbers and at present the best altitude ever obtained on the mountain's glassy slopes is 6,500 feet. Because of the perils of glacier and hidden crevasses, the climbers will have to travel sixty-eight miles roped together before they even begin the ascent of the mountain proper.

The best climb yet made was by the surveying parties a few years ago in determining the boundary between Alaska and Canada. The expedition will be composed of nine picked mountaineers from American and Canadian Alpine clubs. Four men will be selected to make the final dash to the summit.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WREN

The common wren is very shy and retiring, and in this respect is like the lyre-bird. It will often hide its nest in a crevice or hollow where it may escape observation. The wren is seldom seen in the open country and does not venture upon any lengthened flight, but confines itself to the hedge-rows and brushwood, where it may often be observed hopping and skipping like a tiny feathered mouse among the branches. It especially haunts the hedges which are flanked by ditches, as it can easily hide itself in such localities, and can also obtain a plentiful supply of food. By remaining perfectly quiet, the observer can readily watch its movements, and it is really an interesting sight to see the little creature flitting about the brushwood, flirting its saucily expressive tail, and uttering its quick and cheering note.

The voice of the wren is very sweet and melodious, and of a more powerful character than would be imagined from the dimensions of the bird. The wren is a merry little creature, and chants its gay song on the slightest encouragement or weather. Even in winter there needs but the gleam of a few sunbeams to set the wren to singing.

The nest of the wren is rather an ambitious structure, being a completely domed edifice, and built in a singularly ingenious manner. If, however, the bird can find a suitable spot, such as the hole of a decaying tree, the gnarled and knotted branches of old ivy, or the overhanging eaves of a deserted building, where a natural dome is formed, it is sure to seize upon the opportunity and to make a dome of very slight workmanship. The dome, however, always exists in some form. During the winter the wren generally shelters itself from the weather in the same nest which it inhabited during the breeding season; and in very cold seasons it is not an uncommon event to find six or seven wrens all huddled into a heap for the sake of warmth, and presenting to the eye or hand of the spectator nothing but a shapeless mass of soft brown feathers. It is probable that these little gatherings may be composed of members of the same family.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

GAY LIFE TOOK THE MONEY

George Lister, thirty-four, borrowed a nickel for subway fare and emerged from the Wall street station just as the city was getting down to business.

Lister turned into Trinity place and was headed for No. 46, offices of the American Railway Express Company, when he ran upon Detective Sergeants William Fay and James Fitzpatrick, just coming out of that building.

With a fugitive's description fresh in their minds, Fay and Fitzpatrick made an abrupt stop and a short inquiry. Lister nodded his head and said he was just going to the company to give himself up for absconding last March 10 from its Sausalito, Cal., office with \$14,000 stuffed in a shabby black bag.

'Wanted to make everybody happy along the great White Way, and I think I did, up to last night, when the money gave out. I tipped every waiter who served me in the Broadway cabarets with a \$20. I gave the doorman the same.

"Cabaret singers got \$100 bills and once I gave an orchestra a \$100 bill for playing me a tune I liked."

Lister said he was born in England and was unmarried. He had been the cashier in the Sausalito office of the company for three years. He was sorry the detectives could not collect the \$500 reward a circular they carried promised would be paid for his capture. Lister, they agreed, had surrendered.

FIRST CHINESE JUNK SAILS INTO NEW YORK

The first Chinese junk ever known to have sailed into New York harbor arrived recently and anchored in Sheepshead Bay, near Plum Beach. The voyage was possible because of the Panama Canal. It would have been too hazardous to attempt to bring such a small vessel round the Cape of Good Hope and across the South Atlantic Ocean.

The junk on her 15,000-mile trip was in charge of Captain George Waard, master and owner, a Dutch-Canadian, who was accompanied by his Chinese wife and their eleven-year-old son. He had two Chinese boys as crew when he sailed from Amoy on May 17, 1922, but they deserted when he arrived at Vancouver, B. C., on Aug. 12, after an eighty-seven-day passage across the Pacific. During that time the captain said he met with many adventures. Off the Foochow River the junk, which he had named *Amoy*, was attacked by pirates in the night and when he had driven them away with his rifle a big green snake came over the counter aft and tried to curl round Wing Kee, one of the boys who was asleep on the deck. The captain said that he killed the reptile and the Chinese boys chopped it up and pickled it. Curried snake was on the bill for fare for days afterwards.

Shortly before reaching Vancouver the *Amoy* lost her rudder and the captain rigged a jury rudder with boat oars and a spare sail until he could make a new one.

The *Amoy* was built of camphor wood and Chinese fir, he said, and was held together by bamboo pins. She is fifty-three feet long, eighteen feet beam and draws four feet of water in ballast. There is accommodation in the cuddy for five persons.

Captain Waard is a tall, thin man with a long black mustache with twisted ends after the manner of stage pirates. He said that he went to sea in a Dutch galleon when he was 7 years old and had spent several years in the Chinese customs service at Amoy and Swatow. His wife, who is a Buddhist, does not care much for the sea, but it never gets monotonous to him.

The captain had not decided when he visited the Custom House at Bowling Green whether he would remain in the harbor for the summer or sail on to Europe via the Azores. He might go to Manhattan Beach, he said, and make fast close to the shore so that visitors could go on board.

LOOK, BOYS!

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It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

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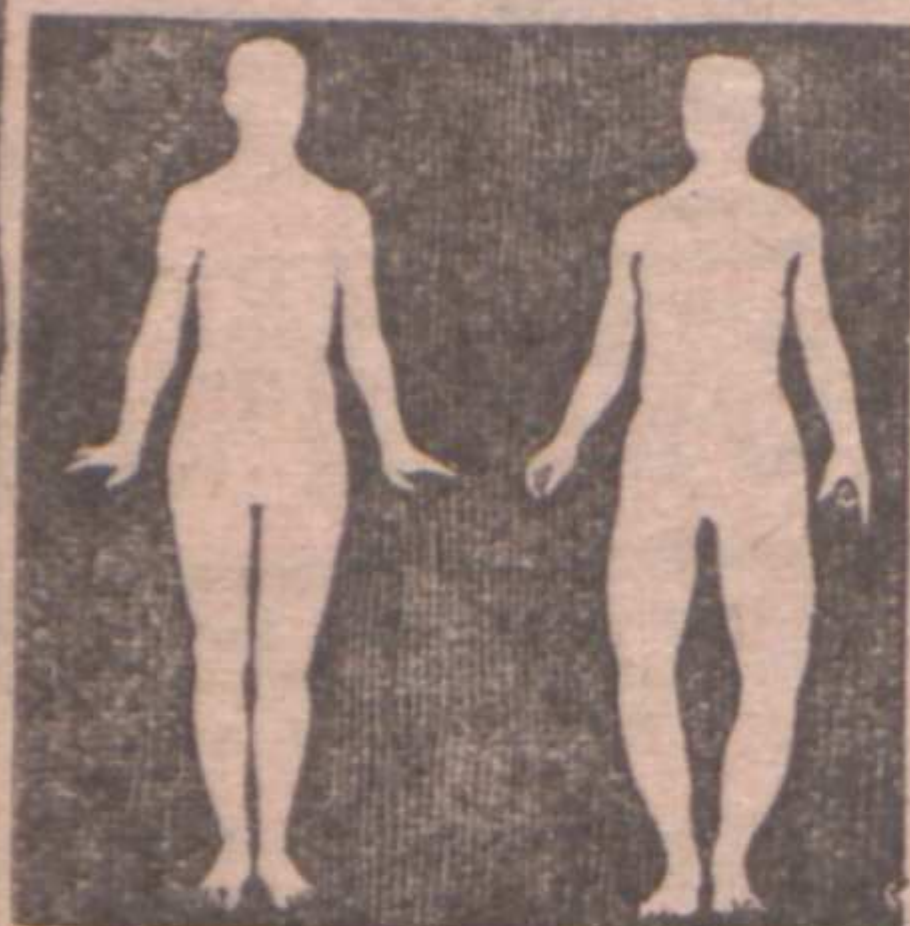
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